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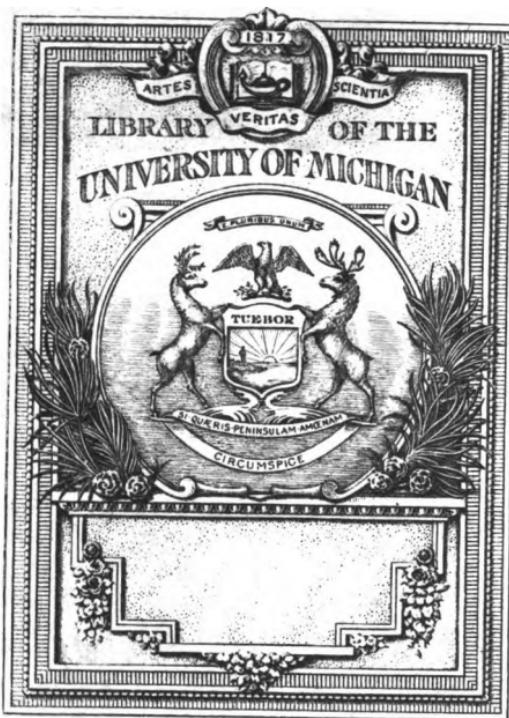
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FENELON (Book I & all
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THE *Illustr.*
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.
In English Verse.

Fénelon, François de Salignac
de La Motte.
BOOK I.

Os tenerum Pueri balbumque----- figurat;
Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis. Hor.

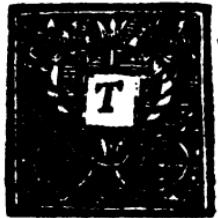


L O N D O N:

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THE PREFACE.


THE Adventures of Telemachus, is a Book so well known, and esteem'd, by Persons of the first Rank for Education, Wit, and good Sense; that to presume at a farther Recommendation of it, wou'd look like refining upon their Judgment, and be almost as great a Breach of good Manners, as to contradict 'em.

The Original was, it seems, design'd for the Instruction of a young Prince. And the Method made choice of in Writing it, such as was thought most proper to insinuate the Instructions; by delivering useful and important Precepts in an agreeable and delightful Manner.

But altho' the primary Intention of it was to apply it to the Highest Station of Life; yet it is easy for them, who are in Inferiour Degrees, to adapt many of the Rules here given, so that they may be serviceable to themselves.

The Government of Passions, Probity and Resolution, are of Universal Concern. A 2 But

The Preface.

But then All are not capable of a like Information. But Telemachus is fitted for the Scholar, as well as the Gentleman.

The Stile is so Poetical that it may seem a Wonder, that no Attempt has been made upon it, hitherto, in Verse.

The Materials being so well furnish'd out, that nothing but an easy Talent at Verfification seems wanting to make the whole a very entertaining Poem. A Poem for which,

His again might claim an Ivy Crown,
To bind the Immortal Brows of ADDISON,

This Endeavour upon the First Book was undertaken for the Diversion of a young Gentleman, with the Care of whom I had the honour, for some time, to be entrusted.

And as I doubt not of a Candid Acceptance from my Friend, so I will not, yet, despair of a favourable Censure from the Publick.

But if I shou'd be so unfortunate to be disappointed in this Expectation, I shall take my Leave of Telemachus, wishing that Apollo now, as well as Minerva, may accompany Him, by a better Hand than mine, to the End of his Voyage.

THE



THE
Adventures of Telemachus.

 B O O K I.



HEN first *Ulysses* from *Calyso* fled,
 The pensive Goddess hung her drooping
 Head ;

The Face divine assum'd a pallid Hue,
 Her Cheeks no more their wonted Lustre knew,
 But look'd like Lillies charg'd with Morning Dew.
 All Ways she try'd, but all she found in vain,
 To ease her Mind, and sooth her anxious Pain ;
 The Name of Goddess makes her State the worse,
 And adds to hateful Life's tormenting Curse :

Shews her for ever destin'd to endure
Those cruel Pangs which Death cou'd only cure.
Her Grotto, late the sportive Echo's Choice,
Loses the charming Accents of her Voice.
Her lovely Nymphs, to swell the mournful State,
With down-cast Eyes in solemn Silence wait.
Weary'd with this, She often walks alone,
To try the Change of Solitary Moan ;
Where she the Burden might a while depose,
And give a Loose to her triumphant Woes.
The flow'ry Turf, and ever-living Spring,
The Shades and Streams some short Relief might bring.
But dire Remembrance, Register of Ills,
This fairest Place with rising Sorrow fills,
And only serves to heighten her Despair,
While the sad Thoughts afflict the Weeping Fair,
How oft she'd seen the Dear *Ulysses* there. }
Then to the Shore her roving Steps incline,
Where with the Winds her Sighs in Consort join,
Her Tears augment the Waves with tributary Brine. }
Sometimes, her Griefs too great to Weep, she'd stand
Fix'd as the Rocks, upon the Neigh'ring Strand ;
And as she stood, still view'd the distant Skies,
Where her *Ulysses* vanish'd from her Eyes ;
Where last she saw Him plow the liquid Plain,
And cut the Surface of the yeilding Main,

One Day she thought, as standing on the Coast,
She saw the Remnants of a Vessel lost ;
Soon she the scatter'd Pieces cou'd descry,
The Helm, the Mast, and Cables floating by :
From which sad Object as her Eyes withdrew,
Two more surprising now appear'd to View ;
The first, a Sire of venerable Age ;
The next a Youth, whose Charms her Looks engage ;
Whose blooming Grace a strong Resemblance bore
Of the great Hero whom she lov'd before.
In ev'ry Motion you'd the Father spy,
A Candour joyn'd with awful Majesty :
With the same Air and Mein *Ulysses* shone,
Not brighter in the Father than the Son.
Telemachus thus known ; with busy Look,
Of his Companion a Survey she took :
But tho' a Goddes, yet in vain she tries
To find a greater Goddess, in Disguise :
The Stranger still does all her Efforts scape,
Nor *Ulysses* *Mirra* hid in *Mentor's* shape.
But whatever He was, *Calypso*'s Joy
Other Thoughts did soon her Heart employ ;
She bles'd the Chance which brought the Strangers o'er,
And the wild Storm that cast them on her Shore ;
That made her Happy once again to see
Ulysses in his Beauteous Progeny.

But

But wisely knowing that there are but Few
 Who do not fly the Love which does pursue;
 With Visage stern, she feign'd a haughty Part,
 To hide the Passion which enflam'd her Heart.
 And thus, with seeming Anger in her Breast,
 The charming Youth, as if unknown, address'd.

Whence are you, Sir, and what is your Design?
 Perhaps against my Empire to combine.
 But tho' a Woman, I so little fear,
 No rude Attempt shall pass unpunish'd here;
 And whatsoe'er you rashly think to do,
 You'll find a Female Arm too strong for you.

But while her Words the rigid Menace show'd,
 The softer Fire which in her Bosom glow'd,
 Broke in her Cheeks, like Lightning thro' a Cloud.
 Telemachus, to sooth her seeming Pride,
 A low Obeyfance made, and thus reply'd.

O beauteous Goddess ! (for that Sacred Name
 Your awful Look, and ev'ry Act proclaim,) }
 How frozen is the Heart that will not flow
 With Pity at the Story of my Woe ! }
 O cou'd your Soul insensible remain,
 To hear but half the Griefs which I sustain ; }
 Cou'd you deny Compassion to a Son,
 Who counts his Father's Sufferings as his own ; }

Who

The Adventures of Telemachus

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Who for his sake thro' Storms and Waves convey'd,
Is spar'd by them your Captive to be made.

What is the Man, says she, of whom you speak?

He answers, I renown'd *Ulysses* seek.

Ulysses is my Royal Father's Name;

Than which a greater is not told by Fame.

This is the Man by whom the *Grecians* own
The long contended *Iliam* overthrown.

This did his Prudence and his Conduct gain,
On which ten rowling Years were spent in vain;

This is the Hero, eminently great,

Whose Triumphs *Greece* and *Afia* celebrate;

Whose Honour Fame resounds thro' ev'ry Shore,
Much for his Valour, for his Counsels more.

This is the Father who is lost to me,

And to his constant, chaste *Penelope*.

On rocky Coasts by Winds and Tempests borne;

Leaving (Heav'n knows if ever he'll return)

A Wife despairing, and a Son forlorn.

My Cares and Dangers too have been as great,

With busy Search to know my Father's Fate:

And what is worse, I've all these Terrors pass'd,

For one I scarce can hope to find at last;

Find, did I say? alas! perhaps he's dead;

And, stretch'd at quiet in his wat'ry Bed,

Hears not the jarring Waves rowl o'er his peaceful Head.

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O Goddess! fairest of Celestial kind,
Vouchsafe your Pity to a troubled Mind;
And if my Sire in your Remembrance live,
Some Comfort to his hapless Offspring give.
If you can read the dark Decrees of Fate,
Give me some Knowledge of *Ulysses* State;
That, whether sav'd or perish'd, I may see
The Period of a Father's Destiny.

These words *Calypso*'s seeming Rage controul,
And as their way insensibly they stole,
Quell'd the fictitious Tempest of her Soul.
Touch'd with each Accent, and amaz'd to find,
Such sprightly Youth with so much Wisdom joyn'd.
While from his Lips the soft Expressions flew,
She cannot now dissembled Fury shew.
Too soon she feels another Passion rise,
Attentive Silence heightens her Surprize,
And on his charming Face she feeds her famish'd Eyes.
Her Eyes cou'd ever on that Object stay,
And gaze a long Eternity away.

A Pause ensuing, she a while survey'd,
The growing *Hero*'s Form, and thus she said,
■ *Telemachus*, 'tis now too long to tell,
What various Chance your Father has befall;
Your weary'd Body calls for due Repose;
Hereafter, I'll the wond'rous Scene disclose.

The Adventures of Telemachus.

But sojourn here, and in assurance live,
Of all the kind Reception I can give :
Your pleasing Converse in this lone Retreat,
Will make the Shades and Fountains doubly sweet;
The Blessings of a short Retirement share,
And I will guard you with maternal Care ;
That you shall praise this Hospitable Shore,
And own *Ulysses* cou'd not love you more.

This said, she onward walks with decent Pride,
The Youth attending on his beauteous Guide.

As Monarch Oaks that in the Forests reign,
O'er-top their lowly Subjects of the Plain ;
With such a graceful Height the Goddess stands,
Amidst the Nymphs that wait for her Commands.

Telemachus the Form divine admires ;
Youth soon is caught when sparkling Beauty fires :
Her purple Robe officious Winds display,
About so fair an Image pleas'd to stay.

Her Length of Golden Locks (the Females Pride)
Behind, in graceful Negligence was ty'd.

Her Eyes, those Starry Orbs, shone radiant bright,
A Sweetness temper'd their Superior Light ;
Too piercing else to be sustain'd by sight.

Mentor his Face in Silence downward drew,
And durst not, ev'n in Age, the sweet Temptation view.
Thus pleas'd, with Reverence profound they trod,
The Passage to *Calypso*'s bles'd Abode.

B 2 Behold

Behold a Rural Scene, whose Charms excel,
What, when inspir'd, luxuriant Poets tell.
No Gold or Silver here allure the Eye ;
But Nature in her pure Simplicity.
No Marble Statues of Gigantick size,
Columns, or Airy Pyramids arise.
The Goddess in a rocky Mansion dwells,
Whose pleasing Mazes lead to various Cells :
Ten thousand Vocal shells the Cave adorn,
Like those at *Nepenthe*'s Feasts by *Tritons* worn.
A youthful Vine its curling Arms extends
Round all the sides, its Head the top ascends.
With balm'ry Wings the fragrant *Zephyrs* play ;
And cool the sultry Beams of Summer's Day.
Thro' flow'ry Meads the Crystal Riv'lets flow,
And murmur soft Complaints, as loath to go ;
As loath to leave th' enamell'd Banks, beset
With *Amarantus*, and the *Violets* ;
The limpid Currents, forming as they glide,
Refreshing *Banio's* in their winding Tide.
Popona's choicest Gifts the Grott surround,
Who decks with Golden Fruits the verdant Ground,
Whose budding Blossoms more perfume the Trees,
Than spicy *Ind*, or a *Moluccan* Breeze.
A Grove the Meadow's Prospect terminates,
Whose pleasing Shade at Noon a Night creates :

Where

The Adventures of Telemachus.

9

Where *Phœbus* all his Pow'r in vain displays,
It mocks his never-penetrating Rays ;
No Voice or Sound pervades the dark Retreat,
But what the feather'd Choristers repeat.
The Winds are hush'd, their Harmony to hear ;
The bending Forest gives attentive Ear,
Nor wants *Amphion*, or an *Orpheus* there.
The purling Streams their tardy Fellows call,
As from the rocky Summit down they fall,
Across the Mead to hasten to the Song,
And chase each other in the rapid Throng. } }
Fix'd on a Cliff's Ascent the Grotto stood,
And proudly overlook'd the neighb'ring Flood ;
Whose Surface, level now as polish'd Glass,
Reflects the waving Streamers as they pass :
Now, dash'd with stormy Winds, th' outragious Main
Tries it's Revenge upon the Rocks, in vain ;
In vain the Wave their flinty sides provokes,
Which, still insensate, take redoubled Strokes ;
At last, the foolish swelling Bubble tires,
Breaks on its Foe, and in a Groan expires.
The Grotto's other side commands a Field,
Where Streams and Isles a blended Prospect yield ;
The flow'ry *Linden* here it's Beauty spreads,
And Poplars hide in Clouds their lofty Heads.

The

The sportive Waters please the wond'ring Eye,
 As they fantastick Motions seem to try :
 These running swift as Arrows from the Bow,
 While those, like aged Sires, scarce seem to go ;
 Some in their wild Meanders fondly run
 Back to the Fountain where they first begun.
 So Lovers tarry where they give a Heart,
 And tell the Fair one 'tis a Pain to part.

The tow'ring Mountains which at Distance rise,
 With a Romantick Form the View surprise; 15
 Such as the Poet or the Painter draws,
 Whose brightest Fictions follow Nature's Laws.
 The nearer Hills with Vines were cover'd o're,
 That bent with Purple Clusters, which they bore ;
 The swelling Fruit at ev'ry Leaf is spy'd,
 Which seeks in vain it's blushing Charge to hide.
 Thro' the wide Field one Paradise appears,
 And ev'ry Tree some happy Offspring bears.

Thus to her Guests the Goddess having shown
 The fertile Grounds which her Dominion own.
 She said; Your Labours of this Day require
 Their proper Rest, and change of wet Attire ;
 When next we meet, some Stories I'll impart
 Shall raise the sleeping Passion of your Heart.

Now to a private Cell they take their Way,
 Which join'd th' Apartment where the Goddess lay.

The Adventures of Telemachus.

Her Nymphs, attending with a decent Care,
A Fire of *Cedar's* fragrant Wood prepare ;
The curling Smoak in Clouds ascends the Room,
And feasts the *Lares* with a rich Perfume.

Two Habits from the Wardrobe next they brought,
One was a Work of Gold in Purple wrought ;
One, of surpassing White, did fairer show,
Than new-fall'n Flakes of yet-untainted Snow.

Telemachus admir'd the glitt'ring Sight ;
As Pomp and Splendour most our Youth delight :
A Female Softness in his Visage rose,
Which *Mentor* seeing, thus did iaterpose ;

Can then such trifling, petty Thoughts as these
A Son, deriv'd from great *Ulysses*, please ?
Mistaken Youth ! is this the way to crown
Your years, like his, with Honour and Renown ?
His Rival in the Paths of Virtue run,
And bravely bear the Fate you cannot shun.
Fondness of gawdy Robes will Glory stain,
And shew you Thoughtless, Womanish, and Vain.
Conduct and Courage are the noblest Prize,
And look the fairest in a Hero's Eyes.
He boldly sails in Fortune's roughest Seas,
And scorns th' ignoble Blandishments of Ease.

Telemachus the wrong Suspicion griev'd,
A hollow Sigh his Manly Bosome heav'd,
And *Mentor* from his Lips these Words receiv'd. Say,

Say, jealous Mentor, whence it is you find
 That Softness gains th' ascendant o'er my Mind ?
 Such Thoughts my Soul disdain. O ! let me die,
 Rather than live with Marks of Infamy ;
 To let my base Effeminacy shame
 My Father's House, and sully all my Fame.
 Yet Kindness, sure, a grateful Sense demands,
 More welcome when confer'd by Beauty's Hands ;
 And sure Calypso's Merit claims no less,
 Whose bounteous Care relieves our sad Distress.

Mentor reply'd, Too heedless Youth, beware,
 And dread the sweet Allurements of the Fair.
 So pleasing are the Mischiefs which you'll meet,
 That you your self will favour the Deceit.
 Fruitless are all Resolves, tho' ne'er so strong,
 If once you listen to the Siren's Song.
 Not all the Rocks and Quicksands on the Shore,
 Dangers of Shipwrecks, and ten thousand more,
 Are half so dreadful as a Woman's Charms,
 When struggling Virtue has resign'd its Arms.
 But vent'rous Youth, unknowing how to steer,
 By Want of Knowledge has the Want of Fear ;
 In its own Strength too confidently brave,
 Till ev'ry Passion render it a Slave.
 Calypso will a kinder Lesson teach ;
 But guard your Soul against th' enchanting Speech.

The palatable Bane its Way will force,
And secretly dilate its wanton Course;
Distrust your self, and modestly attend
The weighty Counsels of a faithful Friend.

Some little Time in soft Repose they pass'd,
Which done, They rise, and to the Goddess haste :
Whose Nymphs, attending, brightest Charms display'd,
In white, like Virgin Innocence, array'd.
They, as commanded had prepar'd a Treat
Of plain Repast ; but exquisitely Neat.
No Viands to regale the Taste were found,
But what were furnish'd from the neighb'ring Ground ;
By Hunter's flying Arrows captive made,
Or by the Fowler's wily Nets betray'd.
Nectareous Wine the golden Goblets crown'd,
And blooming Flow'rs the smiling Brims surround.
Baskets of various Fruits the Board receives,
Which early Spring or rip'ning Autumn, gives.
To finish all, and to compleat the Joy,
The pretty Nymphs their Harmony employ ;
Four of the Train their tuneful Voices raise,
To sing of Arms, and Love's more conq'ring Praies.
They, sung the Giants who assail'd the Throne
Of mighty Jove, by Vengeance tumbled down.
How *Semele* Jove's kinder Fires wou'd prove,
But perish'd in the fatal Flames of Love :

How Juno's Hate in vain her Offspring curs'd,
By Jove preserv'd, by old *Silens* nurs'd.
How young *Hippomenes* obtain'd the Race,
And *Atalanta* falter'd in her Pace.

If Gold alone we find so much can do,
She must be kind that's woo'd with Beauty too.
Then the long Wars of ruined *Troy* they sung,
And fam'd *Ulysses* fill'd their ravish'd Tongue.
One graceful Nymph, to raise the Transport higher,
With flying Fingers touch'd her trembling Lyre.
Ulysses with the Voice and Lyre goes round ;
The vaulted Roofs reverberate the Sound.

That Name the Princely Youth no sooner heard,
But in his Face a rising show'r appear'd :
That darling Name the Chrystral fluices fills.
And brings to mind a Scene of num'rous Ill's.
Calypso saw it, and, to ease his Pain,
Turn'd the Performance to another Strain.
They sung the reeling *Centaurs* Bloody Fray,
Who fell'd by Valiant *Theseus*, prostrate lay.
They sung how Musick's Pow'r the Soul invades,
With which descending *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades :
The moving Airs were suited to the Theme,
And might once more *Eurydice* redeem.

The Musick ceas'd ; when, touch'd with soft Desire,
Calypso's Soul confess'd an Am'rous Fire ;

She

She took the Young *Telemachus* apart ;
And thus reveal'd the Passion of her Heart.

Illustrious Youth, the Bounty which I've shown,
I may presume your grateful Heart will own.
My Sex and Station wou'd perhaps deny,
So soon to lay the Forms of Grandeur by ;
Consider, if I these Advances make,
It is not only for your Father's sake.

Tho' great his Worth, it glads me more to view,
A yet superior Eminence in you.

Nor let the Favour which I thus express,
Because they're unconstrain'd, be valu'd less.
My Honour, as a Queen and Goddess weigh,
To whom these Isles a Sov'reign's Homage pay :
And where no Stranger may presume to land,
Unless he Debtor to my Mercy stand.

The fair Reception, therefore which you prove,
Shews my Compassion, not to say my Love.

Ulysses has the same Indulgence known,
Yet, as in haste, ungratefully is flown :
Stupid, of Wisdom and of Candour void,
He scorn'd the mighty Blessings he enjoy'd.
Good Fortune cloy'd him, and he wou'd not stay ;
But cry'd, my Country calls me hence away.
Happy for ever here he might have been ;
But Fate revenging me, has chang'd the Scene.

And he, to merited Destruction doom'd,
 By Shipwreck lost, is in a Wave entomb'd.
 By his Experience taught, young Prince be wise ;
 Trust not the Future, but the present prize.
 Your Father's Kingdom you may never see ;
 Stay and accept a better here with me.

To these she added many soothing Words,
 And all her quondam Kindnesses records :
 Hoping that what was for *Ulysses* done,
 When told, might prove the means to gain his Son.
 Then his Achievements she prepar'd to tell,
 How by his Conduct *Polyphemus* fell ;
 The vast *Cyclopias* Monster, void of sight,
 Descended to the shades of *Stygian* Night.
 How from the *Lestrygons* he made escape,
 Those worse than rav'nous Wolves in human shape ;
 Who kill, relentless, all within their Power,
 And swell'd with impious Rage, their fellow kind devour.
Circe's pernicious Charms her Tale pursu'd,
 Whose fatal Hands th' enchanting Philtre brew'd :
 Fatal as *Scylla's* Rocks, and whirling Tide,
 Both Dangers known, and by the Hero try'd :
 Whose last Farewel she told with salt'ring Tongue,
 And how just *Neptune* had reveng'd her Wrong ;
 How, by rough Winds and foaming Billows toss'd,
 The Vessel and the Mariners were lost ;

But

But willing the Young Hero to beguile,
Conceal'd his Landing on *Phaeacia's Isle.*

The Prince's Soul with sudden Joy was rais'd,
So well receiv'd, and by a Goddess prais'd.
But soon he found the Female Artifice,
And then resolv'd on *Mentor's* grave Advice ;
Which having ponder'd in his thoughtful Breast,
The long expecting Fair he thus address'd ;

Goddes, if Sorrow in these Eyes appears,
And Rising Words are drown'd in Sighs and Tears ;
O let your Pardon joyn with Nature's Laws,
Pity the Grief which your Relation draws.
You cannot wonder at my present Wo,
A Father's Death commands it should be so.
My Thanks receive for all your Bounties due ;
But Oh ! *Ulysses* claims a Tribute too.
If Time can heal the Troubles of my Mind,
You better then my grateful Sense may find.

Calypso saw the Tumult of his Soul,
And feign'd the dire Misfortune to condole ;
Knowing that Griefs, like Torrents in their Course,
By strong Resistance but augment their Force.
She drop'd a kindly shower of weeping Rain,
To give Relief by Sympathetick Pain.
A while indulgent to his Woes *he* sat, *she*
Till the swoln Flood by running did abate.

Then to divert at once and found his Heart,
 Begg'd that his own Adventures he'd impart ;
 When he this Voyage took, what Chance he bore,
 Till the late Shipwreck cast him on the Shore.

I fear, reply'd the Youth, it were a Crime,
 On such a mournful Theme to waste your Time :
 Shou'd I recount one half of my Distress,
 The rest you'd spare, and beg me to suppress.

But still th' impatient Goddess urging on,
 The Youth obey'd her Suit, and thus began ;

When *Priameian Troy*, her *Hector* slain,
 No longer cou'd the *Grecian* Arms sustain ;
 Her Sons to stern *Achilles* Victims made,
 And all her Golden Spires in Ashes laid :
 From *Ithaca*, my Native Soil, I went,
 Ardent to learn that fatal Day's Event.
 I sought to find, with Toil, and Studious Care,
 The *Grecian* Chiefs returning from the War :
 Hoping *Ulysses* might adorn the Train,
 Or I some Knowledge of his Fortunes gain.
Penelope, by Rival Flames address'd,
 Her nuptial Vows with Constancy profess'd ;
 While I in private from the Croud withdrew,
 Nor staid to take the Solemn last Adieu.
 Leaving the Lovers hopeless of Reward,
 From her whose Virtue was her Beauty's Guard.

Our full-spread Sails the tempting Gale obey,
And now for *Sparta's* Shores we haste away :
Where hospitably treated, next we came
To *Pylos*, so renown'd for *Nestor's* Fame.
But Doubts tormented still this anxious Breast,
By Hopes and Fears alternately possess'd ;
While Fame no tydings of *Ulysses* brought,
To calm the Tumult of my lab'ring Thought ;
Whether he liv'd expos'd to Fortune's Frown,
Or in a Grave had laid the Burden down.
The Toilsome Hours mov'd heavily away,
And I, unsettled, in no Place cou'd stay.
Hearing my Father was some time before,
Driven by Winds on the *Sicilian* Shore,
To *Mentor's* sage Advice oppos'd I stood,
Resolv'd, once more, to tempt the raging Flood ;
Nor cou'd this Prudent, Venerable Guide,
With all his Counsels stay my Passion's tide ;
Tho' he the Voyage Painted to my View,
And thus with lively hand, its Terrors drew.
Brave Youth, your filial Piety does raise,
An equal claim of Wonder and of Praise.
Yet pause, and think—true Courage best appears
Between a rash Attempt, and Coward Fears.
When Honour calls from Dangers never run ;
Yet Prudence bids you fruitless Dangers shun.

Who

Who wou'd commend a Man that scorns Advice,
Or for his Fame leaps down a Precipice ?
You by wrong Means a noble End pursue ;
Reflect, what heated Fancy prompts you to.
Why you're so vainly resolute to meet,
Vulcanian Monsters, and a Trojan Fleet.
The rav'ous *Cyclops* here oppose your way ;
And there *Aeneas* does his Sails display.
How well he now might think himself repaid,
For ten Years War, and *Troy* in Ashes laid ;
Your Blood, no doubt, wou'd prove a welcome Prize,
To glut th' avenging Malice of his Eyes.
To *Ithaca* return ; if Heav'n be kind,
You there, perhaps, may lost *Ulysses* find ;
But if the Gods his Ruine have decreed,
Let not the Rivals to his Bed succeed ;
With Justice there exert your Regal Pow'r,
Worthy your great and wise Progenitor ;
That chaste *Penelope* may find Repose,
And in her blooming Son forget his Father's Woes.
O that my Soul a due regard had paid,
To what this faithful kind Preceptor said.
Who to a Voyage for my sake resign'd,
And his own prudent sober Choice declin'd.
From hence does *Mentor* in my Sorrows share,
And thro' my Follies all these Troubles bear.

While thus he spake, the Goddess fix'd her Eyes
On *Mentor*, with Attention and Surprise.
In him she something more than Human saw,
Which check'd her Speech, and struck profoundest Awe.
Her Thoughts confus'd, she fear'd to have it shown,
Before the Person of this grave unknown.
And therefore bid *Telemachus* proceed,
Who thus her longing Expectation freed.

When first for *Sicily* we loosen'd Sails,
Our Vessel rode before auspicious Gales.
Smooth was the Surface of the liquid Green,
And all the vast Horizon was serene.
But black with Clouds apace the *Welkin* grew,
Snatching the promis'd Glories from our view.
And now a solid Darkness reigns around,
And noisy Billows from the Rocks rebound.
The dusky Air receives no piercing Rays,
But what the Lightning's horrid Gleam displays ;
Whose frequent Flashes serv'd us to descry,
To the same Fate expos'd, some Vessels nigh ;
These were *Aeneas* with his *Trojans* join'd,
More fatal Names to us than Waves or Wind :
Whose Force we less were able to sustain,
Than all the Terrors of the threatening Main.
Too late I wish'd, confounded and dismay'd,
I prudent *Mentor*'s Counsel had obey'd.

That *Mentor* who undaunted now appear'd,
 And in the midst of Dangers nothing fear'd :
 Such is the Hero of the truest Mold,
 In Conduct wary, and in Action bold.
Mentor alone cou'd Valour re-inspire,
 And raise our languid Souls with Martial Fire.
 'Twas he who made us Resolute and Brave,
 Who rais'd our Hopes a single Ship to save ;
 And with a Victor's Look the Naval Orders gave.
 In Love with *Mentor*, of my self ashame'd,
 I thus my Follies, and his Worth proclaim'd ;

Forgive, thou dearest Friend, my Foolish Pride,
 In not submitting to so Wise a Guide ;
 As mine's the Fault, I gladly were Content,
 Cou'd I alone now bear the Punishment.
 To blame my Rashness past is vain, I know,
 Yet must a Grief, tho' unavailing, show.
 And if the Gods, beyond my Merit kind,
 For *Mentor*'s sake our Safety have design'd,
 Yet I till Death my Follies will deplore,
 And never trust to vain Ambition more.

Mentor with smiling Candour thus reply'd,
 This fair Confession will not let me chide.
 Repentance must be scan'd from what we do,
 From what our future Acts and Conduct shew.

In Danger we to Heav'n for Mercy cry ;
And when it's past, forgiving Heav'n defy.
Presume no more, be circumspect and fear ;
Then will I own your Penitence sincere.
What is our Lot the Gods alone can tell ;
Whate'er befall us, learn to bear it well,
And strive in Life and Death the Vulgar to excel,
To gain our Life alone's a fordid Prize ;
We've liv'd too long, when once our Honour dies.

Thus *Mentor* taught us Dangers how to bear,
And then retrieve us from the fatal Snare:
For now so near the hostile *Trojans* lay,
That they must see us with the rising Day ;
When *Mentor* our expiring Hope surpriz'd,
And thus a sudden Stratagem devis'd;
A Vessel of the *Trojans* Fleet he found,
At Distance from the rest, with Garlands crown'd ;
In all things else she much resembled ours,
Except her Pomp of Ornamental Flow'rs ;
But *Mentor* soon did our Defect supply ;
And Garlands on the Stern with Ribbands tie.
His Artifice throughout, was so compleat,
The most discerning cou'd not find the Cheat :
With Head declin'd he bid the Sea-Men row,
As wou'd their Oars permit them, bending low.

Thus thro' the *Trojan* Fleet we pass'd, unknown,
While they with Shouts receiv'd us for their own.

Long time with theirs our Vessel friendly joyn'd,
At last we opportunely kept behind,

And they for *Africk* drove before the Wind.

We ply'd our Oars, and cut our Passage short,
And soon arriv'd at the *Sicilian* Port.

But Mischiefs still on Mischiefs did arise;

And we were sav'd for harder Destinies.

Escap'd from Foes we did so lately shun,

We blindly now on sure Destruction run.

For *Trojans* guarded the *Sicilian* Coast,

And sav'd from Tempests, we on Land were lost.

For Old *Acestes* here the Throne possess'd,

Who curs'd Abhorrence of the Greeks profess'd,

And had receiv'd *Aeneas* for his Guest.

What cou'd we hope for from a Hostile Crew,

They burnt our Ship, and all our Men they slew;

Mentor and I surviv'd for more Disgrace,

And bound were brought before the Tyrant's Face,

Expos'd a publick Spectacle to all,

And sav'd a while with cruel Pomp to fall.

Acestes on his Throne exalted sate,

With Golden Scepter, Mark of Royal State;

Attended by the Yeomen of his Guard,

And for a Solemn Sacrifice prepar'd;

The People waited for the sacred Deed,
That Day in Honour of their Gods decreed.
The haughty King, with Looks and Voice severe,
Roughly demanded what, and whence we were.

Great Sir, said *Mentor*, We've no bad Intent;
But come from fair *Hesperia's* Continent,
And to that Land Vicinity we claim,
But he conceal'd the hated *Grecian* Name.
Then more in our Defence prepar'd to say,
But the Fierce King in anger turn'd away;
For he had view'd us with suspicious Eyes,
As landed on some fatal Enterprize;
And therefore for us both these Orders gave,
Shew them the Treatment of a Common Slave,
Th' infidious Strangers to the Forest send,
And on the Cattel let them there attend.
My Soul was fill'd with Horrour and Disdain,
To think of drawing such a servile Chain.
O King, I cry'd, reverse that vile Decree,
And let at least, my Fall be worthy me.
My forfeit Life I to your Will resign,
Here end *Penelope's* Unhappy Line;
To see *Ulysses* I must now despair,
To find a Father was my chiefest Care;
But since that's past, my Life's not worth a Pray'r.

He

Here let me lay the toilsome Burden down,
 Lost to my Country and my Father's Crown.
 These Words the swarming Populace enrag'd,
 Who with my Blood alone wou'd be affwag'd ;
Troy by Ulysses was, they cry'd, undone,
 Now let us wreak our Vengeance on his Son.

Their Monarch too, with Rage Triumphant, said,
 This Day the *Trojans* shall be well repaid ;
 I'll make the *Muses* of their Heroes smile,
 By two such Victims offer'd on the Pile ;
 This they'll a Noble Recompence esteem,
 For those who swam *Cocytus* sable Stream ;
 The Souls who Vanquish'd by the *Greeks* in Fight,
 Descending, left the cheerful Realms of Light,
 And one Atonement only does remain,
 The Youth and his Companion shall be slain.
 He paus'd, when Lo, an aged Sire arose,
 And thus the Final Sentence did propose ;

'Tis fit, great Sir, since you pronounce their Doom,
 Their Blood be shed upon *Archiles* Tomb ;
 That Hero's Soul will triumph at the Blow,
 And fill with joyful Shouts the gloomy Vales below :
Aeneas, too, with Smiles your Love shall prize,
 And own your Bounty in the Sacrifice.
 This Sentence all applaud with one Consent,
 And haste to execute the dire Intent.

Priests to the Sacred Shrine conduct the way,
Where the Remains of Old Anchises lay,
And lambent Flames were ready for their coming
Prey.

Then our devoted Heads with Garlands crown'd,
The pointed Steel was rais'd to give the Wound ;
When Mentor beg'd them to defer the Stroke,
While he a Moment, thus the King bespoke ;
Sir, if a Godlike Pity touch your Breast,
For Human Kind by cruel Fates oppress'd,
To this unhappy Youth the Tribute lend,
Who never as a Foe did *Troy* offend.

You owe the Ruine of that destin'd Town,
All to his Father's Arms, and not his own ;
But if Compassion is too much to pay,
Your self regard, and your own Int'rest weigh ;
With wise Fore-Knowledge by the Gods inform'd,
I here presage your City shall be Storm'd ;
Scaree shall you thrice salute the rising Sun,
Before the dismal Slaughter is begun.

I see the Torrent from the Mountains pour,
The Plains with glitt'ring Spears are cover'd o'er.
Behold, Destruction wastes your fruitful Field,
Your Flocks and Herds must to the Victor yield ;
To Arms, the Gen'ral in Confusion calls,
And bids secure your Riches in the Walls.

Bring in your Flocks, he cries, within the Gates,
 Then to your Guard, and stop your coming Fates.
 If this so Strange Prediction prove not true,
 Then in our Hearts your Bloody Hands embrue ;
 If it not happen e'er three days expire,
 Consume our Entrals in the raging Fire ;
 If it prove true, we merit sure to live,
 Who timely warning for your Safety give.
 Thus *Mentor* spake with Venerable Grace,
 And Courage more than Human in his Face.
 The King surpris'd, the Godlike Mein survey'd
 A while, and thus respectful Answer made ;

Worthy'st of Men, or rather something more ;
 (For never Man such awful Presence bore)

How low so e'er by Fortune you are driv'n,
 Yet have the Gods one mighty Blessing giv'n ;
 For Wisdom is the brightest Gift of Heav'n.

This is the Noble Portion which you share,
 With which no outward Grandeur can compare.

Fortune that raises, can as soon pull down,
 But Souls like yours, are fix'd above her Frown.
 This said, he set us free, with Thoughts intent,
 How he the threaten'd Dangers might prevent.

And now Distraction all the City fills,
 They fancy Armies on the Neighb'ring Hills ;
 Wild Horrour, with Despair, their trembling Spirits
 chills.

The feeble Sires, and Female Face, appears,
With tender Infants, bath'd in flowing Tears ;
The lowing Oxen, and the bleating Sheep,
With louder Cries their mournful confort keep ;
Forc'd from their blissful Meads, and Flow'ry Plains,
To come where nothing but Confusion reigns ;
Where the mix'd Croud's in pressing Tumult go,
Thoughtless, at random, justling to and fro ;
Nor Fathers now their Sons, nor Friends their
Friends cou'd know.

Suspecting *Mentor* in th' intestine Strife,
Some, as a vile Impostor, sought his Life.
Such Thoughts revolving, soon they heard Alarms,
And Clouds of Dust appear'd, and Men in Arms ;
Their hostile Banners proudly they display'd,
In War's tremendous blazing Pomp array'd.
The fatal Prophecy was now believ'd,
And now they wish'd that *Mentor* had deceiv'd ;
Whom Old *Aegeus* found the best of Friends,
And thus the People to his Care commends ;
O *Mentor*, we your Wisdom must confess,
Nor can we think your Truth and Valour less ;
Our Rashness and Ingratitude forgive,
Who sought the Life of him, by whom we live ;
We beg you that ill Treatment to forget,
And as in Valour, be in Pity great.

In vanquishing your own Revenge, be brave,
A wretched King, and falling Empire save.

Acestes thus imploring *Mentor's* Aid,
Forgiving *Mentor* the Request obey'd :
Prepar'd for Fight, the Ground Majestick trod,
And gruffly look'd, himself the Warriour God.
His Head an Helmet grac'd, his Arm a Shield,
Not *Mars* the Sword or Lance cou'd better wield ;
When, swell'd with Rage, he fought the known
 Phlegrean Field.

Onward the Troops in fit Array he led,
To meet the Foe, advancing at their Head ;
While Old *Acestes* follow'd far behind,
In Body feeble, Valiant still in Mind.
But I with quicker Steps the March pursue,
Eager to find what *Mentor's* Hand cou'd do.
But Oh ! what Tongue his Actions can recite,
Or count his Trophies in the Bloody Fight ?
In Fight his Helmet shone with radiant Flame,
Like that of *Pallas* of immortal Fame.
Where'er he Fought a Mortal Blow was felt,
From Rank to Rank the fatal Wounds were dealt :
Dying in Groans the Legions prostrate lay,
And wasteful Ruine mark'd his greedy way.
The Lion so with Desolation reigns,
When urg'd by Famine, on *Numidian* Plains.

In vain his Wrath by Peasants is withstood,
He roars, he tears, he kills, he swims in Blood ;
Trembling with Fright, his Fury glad to shun,
The Shepherds, and the Sheep, in wild Confusion run,
So *Mentor* conquers, so the Vanquish'd fly,
And Shouts of Triumph rend the distant Sky ;
This brave Example ev'ry Breast inspires,
And animates their Souls with double Fires.
And, if to name my self may be allow'd,
I was not undistinguish'd in the Croud ;
This very Hand the pointed Lance did fling,
Which slew the Son of the Barbarian King ;
By me the tow'ring Youth, of Giant Race,
Breathles was thrown, extended on the Place.
With Scorn at first, his Rival he survey'd,
But I, with all my Force, his Breast assay'd,
Nor of his Savage Looks, nor Strength afraid ;
His gushing Soul came thro' the reeking Wound,
The Clank of falling Arms, the Mountains far resound,
The Spoils I to the King in Triumph bore ;
And now the Tempest of the War was o'er,
Mentor had won the long-contended Day,
His Num'rous Foes were all become his Prey,
Around in squallid Heaps their mangled Bodies lay,
By this Success to *Sicily* endear'd,
Mentor was prais'd, and as a God rever'd,

This done, for *Ithaca* we now design'd,
Once more to spread our Sails before the Wind.

Aegeus, griev'd we shou'd so soon depart,
Extol'd our Kindness with a grateful Heart ;
Wishing our Safety to th' intended Land,
And loaded Presents with a bounteous Hand.
And since we might securely put to Sea,
While from the *Trojan Fleet* the Coast was free ;
And Danger might ensue by much delay,
Gave us a Ship, nor urg'd our longer stay,
But lest the *Greeks* our Passage shou'd annoy,
Wou'd not a Pilate of his own employ,
But with *Phenicians* did entrust the Care ;
Who unmolested us'd to vend their Ware, (share.)
And free with ev'ry Nation, boundless Commerce.

Our Voyage thus far pleasing to our Mind,
Fortune, like Summer Days, look'd fair and kind ;
But veering soon about, She chang'd our Doom,
And drew a Cloudy Scene of Woes to come,
So vain is Life, so false are all our Joys,
One Munite raises Hopes, the next destroys. Minute
For the *Phenician* and *Egyptian State*,
Pursu'd each other with a mortal Hate.
This from the Crew, too late to us was known,
And in their Danger now involv'd our own.

Sesostris.

Sesostris, Egypt's Monarch, did require,
A Yearly Tribute from the Court of *Tyre* ;
Which now secure in Strength and Riches lay,
And Foreign Homage wou'd no longer pay ;
But scorning with his Orders to comply,
In open Arms his Kingdoms did defy ;
And with his Rival Brother Forces joyn'd,
Whose Bloody hands his Murder had design'd.
For this, the Monarch, swell'd with burning Rage,
And vowing an eternal War to wage,
Order'd his Ships, where ever they shou'd meet,
To spare no Vessel of the *Tyrian* Fleet.

Scarce had we quitted the *Sicilian* Land,
The moving Cliffs, and the retreating Strand.
When of *Egyptian* Foes a floating Train,
Advancing, furrow'd deep the frothy Main.
Our *Tyrian* Convoy knew their hostile Sign,
And sought the rough Encounter to decline.
But all in vain ; for both in Strength and Speed,
Their Sailors and their Ships did ours exceed.
Our short Resistance was a fruitless Course,
And soon submitted to superior Force.

Mentor and I, thus joyn'd in Adverse Fate,
Were doom'd, a second time, to mourn a *Captive State*,
Our Right to Freedom urg'd, we su'd for Grace,
As being Strangers, not of *Tyrian* Race ;

But deaf to all, they with relentless Eyes,
 For *Egypt* shouting bore away their Prize.
 There we were landed on the *Pharian* Isle,
 And thence to *Memphis* row'd along the *Nile* ;
Memphis, whose Wonders Fame so loudly sings ,
 Her stately Pyramids, and Tombs of mould'ring
 Kings.

A pleasing Voyage we might here have found,
 Had we not been in Captive Fetters bound.
 But hateful Bondage did our Thoughts employ,
 And those sad Thoughts precluded all our Joy.
 Here *Egypt* one Delicious Garden show'd,
 Where mingling Streams of living Waters flow'd ;
 On either Side the *Nile* abounds Delight,
 Rich Isles, and Villa's, graceful to the Sight ;
 And all around the wide-extended Fields,
 The Fruitful Soil a Golden-Harvest yields :
 The well-fed Cattle crop the verdant Plain,
Ceres with Blessings crowns the rural Swain,
 Who bends beneath the pleasing Weight of Gain;
 To tuneful Pipes the joyful Shepherds sung,
 And on the dying Sounds enamour'd Echoes hung.
 As Prudence useful Inferences makes,
 From what it sees, and due Observance takes,
 The grateful Scene on *Mentor*'s Fancy wrought,
 Who mus'd a while, and thus disclos'd his Thought.

When Wisdom's Hand directs a Prince's Sway,
His chearsful Subjects willing Duty pay ;
With Love they fear him, and with Joy obey.
Of Good diffusive, Peace he spreads around,
And Wealth and Gladness thro' his Realms abound.
The People's Care is for his Safety shwon,
To whom they owe, in whom preserve, their own.
Learn thus, my dear *Telemachus*, to Reign,
If ever you your Father's Sceptre gain :
Your People with paternal Love regard,
And filial Duty will that Love reward.
The Blessings of Tranquillity bestow,
And they will bless the Hand from whence those
Blessings flow.

Under the Rigours of a Tyrant's Reign
Conspiring Subjects curse the servile Chain ;
When hardly us'd, impoverish'd, and low,
They seek Revenge on him who made them so.
When Kings for Grandeur are alone design'd,
Their Empire is a Plague to Human-kind ;
The Pageantry dissembling Croudsadore,
And tho' their Fear is much, their Hate is more ;
Till from the tott'ring Ball whereon he stood,
The Tyrant to the Shades descends in Blood.

Mentor said I, the time in vain is spent,
On Maxims, and the Rules of Government:

For

For what are Kings and Kingdoms, now, to me,
 Who hope no more, from foreign Bondage free,
 My Father, or my Father's Throne to see.
 All those fond Thoughts for ever must retire,
 Here let us leave them, and our last expire.
 At this a Flood of Grief my Words oppress'd,
 And interrupting Sighs o'erwhelm'd the rest.
 My faithful Guide, who future Ill, presag'd,
 Still with the present valiantly engag'd :
 And thus upbraiding my desponding Heart,
 Did an Heroick Fortitude impart.

O Youth, unworthy of your Father's Name,
 He never, sure from great *Ulysses* came,
 Whose Coward Soul's beneath a Sense of Shame.
 When Fortune threatens dar'st thou not oppose,
 To stem the Tide, and Face the Cloud of Woes?
 Be not dismay'd, yet better Days may come,
 And you yet see the long expected Home.
 Think on *Ulysses*, tos'd by Winds and Seas,
 Who bears Misfortunes greater far than these.
 And tho' his Fates shou'd greater still prepare,
 Scorns, Dastard-like, to languish and despair.
 O shou'd he hear of a degen'rate Son,
 Twou'd grieve him more than all his Woes have
 done.

The

Those he still met with an undaunted Face,
But here wou'd sink beneath the vile Disgrace.

Thus *Mentor* spake, and bid me turn my view,
The sweet *Egyptian* Prospect to renew ;
Where smiling Fields of Corn our Eyes invite,
And Num'rous Wealthy Towns adorn the Sight,
Which, nearer seen, still more delightful grow,
For inward Order than external Show.
Here sacred Justice keeps her awful Seat,
Nor lets the Poor be trampled by the Great ;
Here Youth by Principles of Good are fram'd
To early Virtues, and the Bad reclaim'd ;
Labour and Merit with Reward are crown'd,
And Arts and Learning, flourish and abound,
And Rites to Heav'n are paid, with Reverence pro-
found.

Nor are the Social Virtues less to see,
Of Kindness, from designing Int'rest free ;
Here Faith securely may repose it's Trust,
For honest Hands preserve the Balance just,
'Twere Folly to suspect, or disbelieve,
Where all Men do, as all Men wou'd receive ;
Where none a mercenary Aim conceal,
But all in Honour joyn to raise the Publick Weal.

Happy, said *Mentor*, O thrice happy Fate,
Of those who live in such a Peaceful State ;

More happy still, if possible, the King,
 From whose auspicious Hand those Blessings spring ;
 Who in his People's Joy, a Joy does find,
 Increas'd by Vertues of his conscious Mind ;
 No jealous Fears are harbour'd in his Breast,
 Nor factious Heats his quiet Reign molest ;
 Gladly his People guard his sacred Life,
 And who shall best defend it is their only Strife.

Thus *Mentor* tun'd me to a Noble Strain,
 Made me my former abject Fears disdain ;
 And now desirous, once again, to Reign.
 No sooner had he gain'd the *Memphian* Port,
 But we were order'd to the *Theban* Court ;
 The King commanded we shou'd there appear,
 Who wou'd himself our Cause in Person hear.
 Our Voyage up the *Nile* ws still pursu'd,
 To *Thebes*, and soon that Stately City view'd ; (clude, }
 Whose Wealth an Hundred Gates with massy Bars in- }
 To which the *Grecian* Towns, in all their Pride,
 Must yield the Palm, in Numbers far out-vy'd.
 Here great *Sesostris* reigns, with Honours crown'd ;
 When e'er he speaks his People bless the Sound.
 Each Voice of Praise it's willing Tribute brings,
 Due to their Country's Father, and the best of Kings.
 Harmonious Order makes the Place compleat,
 In all things worthy such a Prince's Seat.

Each

Each spacious Street rich Structures does produce,
Admir'd for Neatness, Ornament, and Use.
Nor let the Baths be pass'd in Silence by,
Aerial Obelisks that raise the wond'ring Eye ;
Fountains, and publick Aquæducts, which living
Streams supply.

Majestick Plainness does their Temples grace,
As best becomes Religion's solemn Face.

The splendid Royal Palace seems to be
A *Thebes* presented in *Epitome* ;
With Silver Statues, curious to behold,
And moveable *Machines* of Solid Gold,
The burnish'd Mass strikes back the Gazer's Eyes ;
The *Pyramids* in due Proportion rise,
And Marble Columns tow'ring kiss the Skies.
Nor want they brighter Ornaments than these,
Of Arts polite, and Useful Sciences,
Which raise a Nation's Wealth, and profit while
they please.

Now turns the Scene our Story to relate,
While, as *Phenicians*, held in Captive State.

On certain Hours, in each revolving Day,]
The King did constant Rites to Justice pay.
At which, the Subject griev'd, his Cause prefer'd,
And High or Low, impartially was heard ;
In Matter of Advice, or of Distress,
He still was sure of Audience, and Redress.

For none in vain before their Sov'reign stood,
Suing for Private or for Publick Good.

But as the ruling Planet of the Day
Lightens the World, and cheers it in his Way,

So did his Blessings on his People fall,

His Care and Love extended to them all.

Nor to the Stranger did his Hand refuse

A kind Regard and Hospitable Dues.

Nor did this Princely Candour only shew,

Beneficence of Mind, but Prudence too.

This did Esteem and Admiration draw ;

And hence he more of Men and Manners saw.

Hence foreign Realms extoll'd his gracious Throne,

And thus he made remotest Climes his own,

When first I saw him in his Regal State,

Upon his Iv'ry Throne, sublime, he sat ;

He grasp'd a golden Sceptre in his Hand,

And awful Sweetness temper'd his Command.

Such was his Wisdom, all his Vertues such,

Secure from Flatt'ry, none cou'd praise too much.

From Bus'ness freed, he vacant Hours resign'd

In grateful Conv'rs'e, to relax the Mind :

And how to make a proper Choice, he knew ;

Candid to All, Familiar but to Few ;

This Honour was reserv'd to those alone

For Learning, Worth, and brightest Merit, known.

He once, indeed, this Favour did pervert,
In patronizing One without Desert ;
One who his Master's bounteous Hand misled ;
But more, hereafter, shall of him be said.
They who the Life of Great *Sesostris* know,
Pronounce it only did this Errour show,
And too much triumph o'er a conquer'd Foe.
In both of which there is too little Blame,
To cast a Cloud on such a Prince's Name.
The King, when first before him we were brought,
Mov'd at my Youth, my Name and Country fought,
A noble Pity in his Looks I spy'd,
Which gave me Courage ; and I thus reply'd.
The Task, Great Sir, is needless, to relate
So known a Story as the *Torjan* Fate ; *Trojan*
The noted Siege which in the Balance stood,
Disputed long, and cost such Streams of Blood :
While twice five times the Sun both Tropicks view'd,
And *Grecian* Labours ev'ry Spring renew'd.
Ulysses, Sir, whom Fame around does sing,
My Father is, and like your Self a King.
Troy's sad Remains too well *Ulysses* know,
Cause of their Ruine, and their present Woe.
This is the Prince, whom long I've sought, in vain,
And seek with him his Kingdom to regain, (tain.)
His hopes the stormy Seas, and mine, these Bonds de-

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Ah ! little does he know how great a Share,
 His Son does in his Adverse Fortune bear :
 Destin'd already, more than once, to Chains,
 And Heav'n alone can tell what yet Remains.
 But, Sir, if Pity in your Bosome live,
 Me to my Father and my Country give :
 So may the Gods protect your Royal Line,
 And guard your Offspring safe from Ills like mine.
 So may they live with joy, long, long, to prove,
 The Blessings of so good a Father's Love.

Sesostris heard me with a princely Mind,
 Which shew'd Compassion ; but with Wisdom joyn'd.
 He knew that formal Speeches oft are made,
 To cover Subtle Wiles in Ambush laid ; }
 And Kings by their Indulgence oft betray'd.
 And therefore as he Clement was to save,
 Yet Cautious too, He thus his Orders gave.
 I charge it as your most important Care,
 To search from whence, and what these Strangers are ;
 A little time will make the Business out ;
 And they who took the Ship can solve the Doubt.
 If they belong to the *Phenician* State,
 A double Punishment shall be their Fate.
 That Lot, as to the Worst of Foes are due, is
 And, what's more hateful, as Dissemblers too.

An

An open Foe I bravely cou'd forgive,
But one in Friendship's Colour, can't deserve to live.
If Greeks they prove, I'll then reverse the Doom,
And guard them with my Ships, in Honour, Home,
Greece many Laws receiv'd from Egypt's Hand,
And candid Treatment justly may demand.

Alcides is a Name of high Renown,
Nor is *Achilles* less in Glory known,
Nor less for Wisdom prais'd, the fam'd *Laertes* Son.
And I propitious Heav'n shall ever bless,
While I can succour Virtue and Distress.

Thus was the Great *Sesostris* nobly kind,
But in our Charge, his future Trust consign'd
To *Metophis*, of Base, Malignant Mind.
Never did Time so vile a Name record,
But let it here remain, to distant Times, abhor'd.
This Villain from the first ill-fated Hour,
Design'd to keep us Vassals to his Pow'r ;
And therefore gladly sought the smallest Thing,
To form an Accusation to his King.

A wily Scheme of Questions he prepares,
Which *Mentor* saw; and wisely shunn'd the Snares.
By this enrag'd at his eluded Art,
Full of Distrust, he kept us both apart.
Thus, by the Rancour of his Malice, cross'd,
My dearest Friend, and only Guide I lost.

Nor knew I, from that Black detested Day,
 What *Mentor* did, or whither took his Way.
 But stood confounded, struck with sad Surprise,
 As Mortals, when the roaring Thunder flies,
 Or *Jove* with fork'y Lightning blasts them from the
 Skies.

And now the Villain deem'd his Work was done,
 Since I was unassisted, and alone.

He hop'd to bring me by his Flatt'ries o'er,
 To contradict the Things I said before;

Or something by my Folly to reveal,
 Which the more wary *Mentor* did conceal.

And tho' he found it vain, my Innocence
 Against his watchful Hate was no Defence;

For he by subtle Arts the King deceiv'd,
 Who, turn'd against us, all he said, believ'd.

Alas ! how much expos'd do Princes lie,
 Who seldom see but with a Proxy's Eye !

How fickle are the Favours of a Court,
 Where Few, but Men of Artifice, resort.

From these dark Caverns secret Ruine springs ;
 These oft mislead the Wisest, Best of Kings.

The Good and the Sincere far off retire,
 Nor can by Dint of Impudence, aspire.

Because they scorn to make an Odious Rise,
 With fawning Eulogies, on splendid Vice.

True Merit's modest, of her self in Doubt,
And Princes seldom know to find her out ;
Tho' in her self she shines divinely Bright,
Unhappy Kings are oft debarr'd the Sight,
By worthless Crouds that intercept her Light ;
Who, forward, seek no Profit but their own,
Bask in their Monarch's Sun, and batten near the
Throne.

Such Hypocrites to any Side belong,
As Int'rest serves, and heed not Right or Wrong.
If in their Prince luxurious Passions sway,
The Tribe applaud the Crime, and Homage pay ;
And all, obsequious, sooth him in his way.
O how unhappy is the flatter'd Prince !
Whom none, in fatal Errours dare convince ;
By whom Dissemblers are embrac'd for Friends ;
And whom a plain and honest Truth offends.
These were the Thoughts which *Mentor* had impress'd,
Which, in his Absence, help'd to give me Rest :
In Absence made him present, for a while,
And help'd the tedious Minutes to beguile.
But now severest Toils I underwent,
By *Metaphis* to Desart Mountains sent ;
Lost to delightful Converse, to my Friend ;
Debas'd, with abject Slaves, his num'rous Flocks to
tend.

Calypso, interposing, ask'd him, how
 His Soul to such a Servitude cou'd bow ;
 Who, when in *Sicily*, devoid of Fear,
 Had su'd for Death ; and Bondage wou'd not bear ?
 To which the Noble Youth gave this Reply ;

Because None ever, sure, was Curs'd as I ;
 Who wanted e'en the wretched Choice to die.
 An honourable Death I wish'd in vain ;
 For Life was worse to me, who liv'd in Pain,
 An ignominious Being to sustain.

And *Mentor* has inform'd me since, that he
 In Exile liv'd, as mournful Days to see ;
 To swarthy *Ethiops* sold, and barr'd from Liberty.
 I, or on burning Sands was forc'd to go,
 Or climb the Mountains cover'd o'er with Snow ;
 Whose airy Tops eternal Winter bear,
 Nor feel the greatful Changes of the Year.
 Among the Rocks, the Cattel's slender Fare
 Of shrubby Browze, was scatter'd here and there.
 The Vales between the Precipices, lie
 At such immense a Distance from the Sky,
 That scarce one Ray of *Phæbus* passage found,
 To chear the Horrors of the dusky Ground.
 Some Men I saw, but scarce of humane Face ;
 Shepherds, as rough, and Savage as the Place.

Here

Here all the Nights my Cruel Fate I mourn'd ;
Nor found my Griefs abate, when Day return'd.
That time to tend my Flocks I wholly gave,
To shun the Fury of a Fellow Slave ;
Of Bafus, One who Freedom thought to gain,
By Calumnies on ev'ry Fellow Swain ;
Who in his Master's Favour hop'd to rise,
By seeming Diligence, and zealous Lies.
Under these Ills, I Patience try'd in Vain ;
He must be stupid, who would not complain.
One Day, (how many toilsome Days did pass !)
I laid my weary Limbs upon the Grafs ;
My Flock forgot, and hopeless of Relief,
I gave a vent to Sorrows, and indulg'd to Grief :
Expecting Death ; nor cou'd my Woes sustain,
But beg'd the grizly God to rid me of my Pain.
When looking steadfast on the Mountain nigh,
It seem'd to nod upon me, from on high ;
The Pines and Oaks, above, appear'd to bend,
And in their airy Journeys downwards tend ; (Cave,
The Winds were hush'd, and from the neighb'ring
A Voice, with hollow Sound, these Accents gave.
Son of Ulysses, learn to bear thy Fate ;
And, like thy Father, be, by Suff'rings, Great.
Those who to Fortune are indebted most,
Seldom deserve the Favours which they boast.

Too large a Draught of the deceitful Bowl,
Enervates, and intoxicates the Soul.

In Pride, or Luxury, we're prone to stray,
By treading, long, on such a Slipp'ry Way ;
But Trials of Adversity recal,

The roving Mind, and save us from the Fall.

You're happy, if these Ills you can surmount,
Troubles, when past are grateful to recount.

Thou *Ithaca* shalt live to see again,

And in thy Native Soil with Glory reign ;

Then, learn thou to regard the Poor, distress'd,
Rememb'ring how thy self wast once oppress'd ;

Let doing Good, be thy Supreme Delight ,

And Flatt'lers be detested in thy Sight ;

Thy present Ills in Reason's Balance weigh,

And let not Passions bear Tyrannick sway ;

Presence of Mind, and Fortitude, will show

The way to future Bliss, and End of all thy Woe.

These Words did inexpressibly impart

Courage and Joy to my desponding Heart.

No chilling Horrour in my Veins arose,

Of Visionary Scenes which discompose ;

Which Men are said to feel, amaz'd with Fear,

When Deities converse to Mortal Ear.

I took the Sentence as *Minerva's* Aid,

And Adoration to the Goddess pay'd;

I found a new Sedateness in my Breast,
And all my jarring Passions charm'd to Rest,
I did my Duty ; bore my Fate, content,
And mov'd e'en cruel *Bafus* to relent ;
Yet oft with ardent Wish in vain I sought
For Books, those kind Reliefs to lonely Thought ;
Both to divert us, and instruct, design'd ;
An ever pleasing Banquet to the Mind.
Happy, said I, is He who learns to prize
The sweet Advantage which in Knowledge lies ;
Who, busy, on that Search his Time employs,
And not on Trifles, and fantastick Toys.
These all are momentary as the Wind,
But Truth, and Wisdom, of a steadier Kind,
Nor come from Chance, nor are to Chance resign'd,
Where'er we go, whate'er our Fates ordain,
These in the Soul indelible remain.
Our Goods of Fortune, Fortune may condemn ;
But cannot rob us of this Nobler Gem.
This Dear Companion, faithfulest of Friends,
In all Conditions, all our Steps attends.
Once as I walk'd, on Thoughts like these intent,
Into the thickest of the Woods I went :
When on a sudden, as I fix'd my Look,
An aged Sire approach'd me, with a Book,

His

50. *The Adventures of Telemachus.*
His Forehead large, and high, but void of Hair,
And Time began it's Smoothness now to wear ;
Tall, and of Manly Port, his ruddy Face
Still shew'd, by good Remains, what once it was ;
His venerable Beard, of Snowy hue,
Down to his Waste in length, profusely grew ;
His Eyes yet lively, shot a piercing Ray,
And spoke the Man Majestick in decay ;
In all his Words the nicest Judge might see,
Propriety, from Affectation free ;
And as an Index of the Speaker's Mind,
Plainness of Style, with graceful Accent joyn'd.
This welcome Stranger, and surprising Guest,
Was vers'd in Holy Rites, and great *Apollo's* Priest.
For in the Grove a Marble Temple stood,
Erected, far within this dark abode,
By Egypt's King, and sacred to the *Delphian* God.
And now a Scene of happier Days began,
From Friendly Converse with this Holy Man ;
Each day I learn'd, from his unbounded Store
Some Thought instructive and unknown before.
While useful Subjects our Discourse employ'd,
My Mind was still improv'd and never cloy'd ;
Brief, and perspicuous, his Relations were,
And things long past, as present made appear ;

And

The Adventures of Telemachus.

And things to come his Knowledge did foresee,
Inspir'd by *Phæbus* in the Gods Decree,
To tell the dark Resolves of future Destiny.

The weighty Task of reading Men he knew;
Their wily Projects cou'd expose to view.

And the best Rules for Conduct recommend,
How to discern the Flatt'rer from the Friend.

And as by Modesty true Merit's known,
Great in Esteem of all except it's own,

So was my worthy Friend and prudent Guide,
Free from the Stains of Arrogance and Pride;
Which oft, of brightest Parts Abhorence move,
The parts we Praise, the Man we cannot love.

But *Termofiris* had a better Claim,
Wit's but the sudden Flash of Youthful Flame;
But Prudence lives in Age, and bears a greater
Name.

Who while to others she her Place resigns,
Always obtains those Honours she declines.

Thus did the Sire my Youth with Candour view,
As if not conscious of his greater Due,
As if Equality I must commence,
And he whom I never'd had no pretence.

Not but he understood his Age's Right,
But took the winning Methods, to invite,
And did in Youth, when tractable, delight.

Vertue in such a Soil he lov'd to sow,
 And, as he lov'd, he knew the Manner how,
 Without a haughty Magisterial Brow.

My Temper soon on his Affection won,
 He taught me, gave me Books, and call'd me Son.
 For which, as by a Filial Duty ty'd,
 I shew'd my grateful Sense, and thus reply'd.
 Father, with Joy sincere, I now can boast,
 A worthy Recompence for *Mentor* lost.
 That fatal Loss in Solitude I mourn'd;
 Nor hop'd to see him thus, in you return'd.
 But Heav'n ordain'd, in Pity to my Woes,
 That I again shou'd find, in you, my lost Repose.
 Thus I my undissembled Joys express'd;
 And thus I was in *Termosiris* blest'd:
 On whom the bounteous Muses had bestow'd,
 The Choicest Favours of his Patron God.
 Whether he chose to frame immortal Verse,
 Or in Harmonious Sounds the tuneful Song rehearse.
 A nobler Genius never did inspire,
Linus, or that more potent *Thracian Lyre*,
 Which soften'd Hell, and made the Stygian Streams
 retire.

When in his Priestly Robes of White, array'd,
 He on his Golden Harp, Melodious, play'd,

The

The People thought, (so charming was his Hand)
A second *Orpheus* did the Strings command ;
Lions and Tygers, all the savage kind,
Charm'd with the sacred Sound, their Rage resign'd,
Submissive, they forgot their hideous Roar,
And couching at his Feet, their Victor did adore.
The Satyrs from forsaken Woods advanc'd,
And to the Measure of his Musick danc'd.
The Musick made the trembling Forest move,
It animated Rocks, and made a living Grove ;
While he the Grandeur of the Gods proclaim'd,
And Heroes by immortal Actions fam'd,
Who sordid Pleasures shun'd for bright Renown,
And whom, the Poet's Gift, eternal Honours crown'd.
And often when my State of Bondage brought,
Cares to my Mind, and press'd my gloomy Thought,
His Words reviving Courage wou'd impart,
Add Vigour to my Soul, and re-inflame my Heart.
In thought, said he, to Providence be just,
Nor the Protection of the Gods distrust;
Heav'n does not Virtue in Distress forsake,
And tho' it Trials for your Honour make,
You, and your worthy Sire, it's Blessings shall partake.

Apollo's noted Exile may create.

A Thought to cultivate the rural State.

Teach the rude Swains the Charms of Verse to know,
 Nor will you then, the Sylvan Life foregoe;
 When once the Muses shall adorn the Plain,
 And artless Shepherds learn the tuneful strain,
 The Gods shall then your Joys with Envy view,
 And wish themselves but half so Bless'd as you.
 But left you this, as Fiction, disbelieve,
 A known Example of it's Truth receive.

The great *Apollo*, whose resplendent Ray
 Adorns the burnish'd Carr that rules the Day,
 Vex'd that his Father's Thunder oft did shroud,
 His brightest Glories in a sullen Cloud,
 For dire Revenge, with Fury ponder'd long,
 And vow'd the *Cyclops* shou'd atone the Wrong,
 Who fram'd those fatal hissing Bolts, which fly
 From angry *Jove*, and sadden all the Sky.
 From the drawn Bow his keenest Darts he sent,
 Which to the destin'd mark, unerring went;
 Pierc'd with the feather'd Deaths, the Monsters fell,
 And dying fill'd their Mansion with a dismal Yell.
 Astonish'd *Aetna* ceas'd to vomit Flame,
 And soon as silent as her Dead became;
 Nor did her horrid Caverns from within,
 With groaning Anvils sound, or Hammer's Din,
 Vast Piles of Iron laid, and useless Brass,
 And Rust began to taint the now-abandon'd Malls.

Vulcan in rage the dreadful Forge forsook,
And furnish'd for Complaint his Journey took,
Limping, to Heav'n, and mutt'ring as he went,
With much ado he climb'd the steep Ascent,
Where *Jove* upon the Starry Pavement trod,
Ruling the World with his Majestick nod.
Into the Presence *Vulcan* rudely thrust,
All sooty as he was, and cover'd o'er with Dust.
Laughter arose, nor cou'd the Gods contain,
To hear the sweating peevish Churl complain.
Jove heard the Cause, the rest his Judgment wait,
Who thus gave Sentence from the Throne of State ;

Apollo, I enjoyn you for your Crime,
To quit these Confines, and our World sublime,
This Fault degrades your Dignity of Birth,
Fly from my Sight precipitant to Earth.
Phæbus obey'd.—The Chariot of the Sun,
Without its usual Guide, the Course Diurnal run.
So *Jove* ordain'd, *Apollo*, in Disgrace,
Was now contented with an humbler Place.
Swain in Disguise, he condescends to keep,
Admetus the *Theffalian* Prince's Sheep.
Where oft, as by the shady Elms he laid,
And Silver Streams, upon the Pipe he plaid,
The Pipe soon gather'd all the Jolly Throng,
Who left their Flocks and ran to hear the Song.

As yet a Savage Brutal Life they led,
 Scarce better taught than were the Flocks they fed.
 To shear their Wooll, to milk, or make a Cheese,
 These were their little Arts, nor knew they much of
 these.

The Country, un-manur'd, gave no Delight,
 'Twas Desart all, and hideous to the Sight.
 But soon *Apollo*, by surprising Art,
 Did means of Profit, and Delight, impart.
 Inform'd them how to meliorate the Soil,
 And reap the sweet Rewards of all their Toil;
 He sung the flow'ry Greens, and fertile Plains,
 With all the Shepherd's, and the Farmer's Gains.
 The Joyous Spring presented to their view,
 When Nature all her Glories does renew,
 When the Deformity of Winter's past. (Blast,
 The Snows, and stormy Hail, and chilling Northern
 The Trees again with verdant Honours crown'd,
 And kind Prolifick Dews, which help the teeming
 Ground.

He sung the Pleasures of the ripen'd Fields,
 When bounteous *Ceres* Golden Harvest yields.
 When Orchats, rich with their Autumnal Store,
 And burden'd Arms, the pulling Hand implore.
 Nor were the Sports of Winter left untold,
 When well-heap'd Logs dissolve benumming Cold.

When

When the blithe Peasants quaff the Time away,
And round the blazing Hearth their merry Gambols
play.

These are the Pleasures of the Country Life,
Freed from the City's Hurry, Noise, and Strife.

Here Nature's unaffected Dress appears,
Nor new-invented gawdy Fopp'ry wears.

No guilty Thoughts the Honest Mind molest,
No Cares, nor Fears, which rack the Monarch's Breast,
Which walk in Palaces the busy Round,
Are in the lowly Cottage to be found ;
But Peace, with balmy Wings broods o'er the Cell,
For she, and Innocence, together dwell.

Thus did *Apollo*'s tuneful Voice relate
The various Joys which crown the Rural state ; }
And which, before unknown, his Presence did create. }
To him the Birds with Harmony repair,
And whisp'ring *Zephyrs* waste the pleasing Air ; *wast*
He taught the Swains the flying Stag to chase,
Use of the Bow, and Conquest in the Race.
The Gods with Envy from their Skies look'd down,
And thought the Shepherd's Joys excell'd their Own ;
With Jealousy were mov'd, and a malignant Eye,
And soon recall'd *Apollo* to his native Sky.
From hence, My Son, you may receive Advice,
And turn a Desart to a Paradise.

You've heard *Apollo's* *Cafe*; your own's the same,
Then dare to be the Rival of his Fame.

So from this Soil, which unregarded lies,
Full Ears of Corn, luxuriant, shall arise.

So shall your Name resound thro' ev'ry Hill,
And charming Notes shall all the Valleys fill.

Admiring Swains shall bless the rural Seat,

Your Life, unmix'd with Care, shall all be Sweet;

Nor wou'd you, for a Throne, exchange the soft
Retreat.

Ah! Royal Youth, a Time will come, it will,
When toilsome Cares that princely Breast shall fill;

Reflecting, then, you'll wish your self with me,
And want the Country Life, so easy and so free.

This said that yet he might engage me more

To love the Rural Life describ'd before,

The Sire presented to my Hands, a-Flute,

A Present which the Subject well did suit.

And I, as now adopted to the Place,

And made a Brother of the Sylvan Race,

Alternate tun'd my Voice, alternate play'd,

And Eccho from the Hills the pleasing Notes convey'd;

The pleasing Notes were soon diffus'd around,

And gather'd all the Shepherds to the Sound.

Apollo from above inspir'd my Tongue,

Full of the God, in loftier Strains I Sung;

My Soul his Mighty Energy confess'd,

With sacred Rapture swell'd, dilating all my Breast Nor-

Nor less amazing was th' Effect to see,
Or less, O mighty *Phæbus*, worthy Thee.
The Shepherds learnt to tune the rural Lays,
And in Harmonious Consort pass'd the Days,
A new-born Gaiety the Desart cheer'd,
And all it's Savage Rudness disappear'd.
The Climate seem'd to breathe another Air,
The Countrey round did in the Blessing share,
And all grew wond'rous bright, and all grew won-
d'rous Fair.

The Swains with me in Gratitude did join,
To pay the Homage at *Apollo's* Shrine,
Did often to the hallow'd Grove repair,
Which was assign'd to *Termofiris* Care.
To him we brought, as to our Rural Lord,
Fare, of the best our Countrey wou'd afford ;
With him we feasted on the sacred Ground,
In Honour of the God, our Heads with Laurel
Crown'd,
Upon the verdant Turf did often dine, (Vins.)
For him we milk'd our Flocks, and crop'd the pregnant
And while upon the flow'ry Green we laid,
Under some well-grown Oak's extended Shade,
Happier we were than Kings on Beds of Down,
With all their gilded Roofs, and glitter of a Crown.

But

But here, if Decency will give me Leave,
 A strange Achievement of my own receive;
 Which thro' the Countrey signaliz'd my Name,
 And with the great *Sesostris* rais'd my Fame.
 Which, since in part the Story of my Fate,
 I shall adventure briefly to relate.

Tending, one Day, my Flock, upon the Plain,
 I saw a *Lion* with erected Main ;
 As he advanc'd, more dreadful he appear'd,
 Fiery his Eyes, his Jaws with Blood besmear'd,
 Grumbling, he gnash'd his Teeth, and churn'd the Gore,
 And with infatiate Maw still gap'd for more.
 My Crook was all the Weapon in my Hand,
 Of little Force such Fury to withstand.
 But, as our Shepherds wear a Coat of Mail,
 Guarded with this, I durst the Foe assail ;
 Fast by the Throat I held the rav'ous Beast,
 And down to Earth, by strength Superior, press'd.
 Thrice with this Arm I threw him on the Ground,
 And thrice he rous'd again, and did from Earth rebound,
 He roar'd aloud, as oft as he was thrown,
 And the wide Forrest trembled with his Groan.
 At last, with griping Hand, I choak'd his Breath,
 And made him roll his haggard Eyes in Death.

The Swains decreed, his Skin in Triumph worn,
My Body, as the Victor, shou'd adorn.
The Fame of this, and of the Change I wrought
Among the Shepherds, to the King was brought.
The Youth, they said, who Captive did remain,
As deem'd for one of the *Phenician* Train,
Had now brought back the golden Age again.

The King, whose noble and ingenuous Mind
To love the Muses always was inclin'd ;
Who cherish'd useful Knowledge at his Heart,
Zealous in Bounty to reward Desert,
Resolv'd to see me, and from me receiv'd
The Truth of what he scarcely yet believ'd.
This furnish'd Matter for my own Defence,
And Means to clear my injur'd Innocence.
He found how *Metophis* had us'd me ill,
And, undeferr'd, did Prejudice instil ;
With base Suspicions fill'd his Royal Ear,
But now disclos'd the Villain did appear.
Justly enrag'd, the King was all intent
To find, for such a Crime, a worthy Punishment.
Pity, and Indignation fill'd his Breast,
Pity for me, to have my Wrongs redress'd,
And to impartial Justice he deferr'd the Rest ;
Making the Forfeit of ill-gotten Gains,
The due Reward of such malicious Pains.

His darling Treasures ravish'd from his Eye,
The Villain was in Prison ever doom'd to lye.

O injur'd Youth ! the King, revolving, said,
Observe from hence how Princes are betray'd,
Plac'd on the Throne, aloft, they cannot know
By Sight, what's acted in the Sphere below ;
On others they depend (because thy must,) }
Who oft, by Int'rest led, betray their Trust,
And when that's done, the Sully and the Stain,
Are still reflected on the Monarch's Reign. }
Their Crimes they prepetrate, unmov'd by Shame,
While their unhappy Masters bear the Blame ;
Love they pretend for us, with Noise and Zeal,
But cunningly their private Aims conceal ;
The Crown and Scepter seemingly adore, }
Not for our Sakes, but for the golden Oar,
If this were gone the Flatt'lers wou'd not stay, }
For this the buisy Throng block up our way ; (tray.) }
And while for this they court, for this they wou'd be- }
Thus did the Great *Sesostris* condescend, }
Without Reserve, to treat me as a Friend.
And knowing that I long had wish'd, in vain,
To see my Native Country once again,
Told me, he wou'd not importune my Stay,
But with a Convoy, send me safe away :

That

That from *Penelope* I might remove,
A Rival Crew, and unavailing Love.
With wonder I this Turn of Fortune Bless'd,
In raising him who was so low depreſſ'd ;
And now I hop'd I might so Happy be
My Royal Father on his Throne to ſee.
The much lov'd *Mentor*, too, I hop'd to find ;
But knew not, then, how far we were diſjoyn'd.
And what, alas ! to frail Mankind is known ?
When not one Moment we can call our own.
Our Anchors now were ready to be weigh'd ;
But while in ſearch of *Mentor* I delay'd,
(Griev'd for My Friend) and of his State enquir'd,
Sesoſtris, feiz'd by ſudden Death, expir'd.
This fatal Loss my Ruine did include,
And all my former Ills, in One renew'd.
But what were mine to *Egypt's* mournful Cries !
For Kingdoms fall, when ſuch a Monarch dies.
With loud Laments they moan'd themſelves undone,
Their best Protector, Friend, and Parent, gone.
Sighs from each Sex, and ev'ry Age, were heard,
And Tears ran down the Venerable Beard,
The hoary Head was proſtrate in the Dust,
And, wild with Grief, proclaim'd the Fates unjust ;
O why did ever ſuch a King appear,
They cry'd, or why ſo ſhort a Time was here ?

Or why must Wretched we survive to mourn?
 Be kind ye Gods, and send us, in our Turn,
 To wait upon his Fall, and grace our Prince's Urn.
 For forty Days, upon the dire Report,
 The swarming Populace to *Thebes* resort ;
 To *Thebes*, from Parts remote, in haste they ran,
 Big with *Ideas* of the God-like Man,
 A last Farwel to his Remains they give,
 And fain with him wou'd die, with whom they can-
 not live.

But still the Grief which deeper press'd 'em down,
 Was, that a Tyrant's Head must wear the Crown.

Boccœ, the Son of their departed King,
 A Son, unworthy from those Loins to spring,

Who not one Virtue from his Lineage drew,
 By odious Crimes expos'd to Publick View ;
 Long time, an Object of the People's Hate,
 And now the dreaded Ruler of their Fate.

One, to all Sense of Shame, or Honour, blind,
 One, to no Knowledge, but of Vice, inclin'd ;
 Of savage, brutal Soul, Disgrace to humane-kind.

In downy Softness lull'd, elate with Pride,
 Himself indulging, valu'd none beside.

His Subjects Blood for trivial Faults wou'd spill.

Those Slaves of State, and Creatures of his Will.

Their

Their rifled Coffers he on Pleasures spent,
And harrass'd them, as petty Insects, sent
By Fortune, for his Sport, or for his Punishment.
They who with good *Sesostris* oft had sat,
In Council of Momentous high Debate,
In fierce Disdain now banish'd from the Court,
Made Room for Fav'rites of another sort.
Boccore did none but empty Fools require,
A Tribe prepar'd to flatter and admire.

Thus did all *Egypt* under Bondage groan,
Oppress'd with such a Monster on the Throne.
Nor did for Liberty Resistance make,
The Son supporting for the Father's fake.
Nor was there need they shou'd the Ruine haste,
Of one who Headlong drove himself so fast.

For me no Hopes of Liberty remain'd,
Unhappy me whom Bonds from Flight restrain'd.
For *Metophis*, to Favour now restor'd,
A Satisfaction for his Loss implor'd :
And, full of black Revenge, with Venome fraught,
Effective means for my Confinement wrought.
The Place a Tow'r which ~~near~~ *Pelusium* stands,
Fix'd on the farthest Verge of all the Lands ;
A Rock it's Basis, which defends it sides,
From foaming Billows, and the sounding Tides.

Mer

Here for my Voyage I before prepar'd,
 Had Heav'n the Life of good *Sesostris* spar'd.
 But Sorrows, now my Days and Nights did waste,
 While I recounted all the Pleasures past.
 The good Presages of a happy Doom,
 By *Termosiris* and of Joys to come ;
 But Troubles made their fair Predictions seem,
 Deluding transports of a fading Dream.
 And oft, as from the Tow'r my Eyes survey'd,
 Ships which the sudden Sport of Winds were made,
 Threaten'd by Waves above, and Rocks beneath,
 And all the wat'ry Magazine of Death,
 Poor Wretches ! I wou'd say, what then am I,
 Who envy them the better Lot, to die.
 Death is, to Souls in Pain, the kindest Friend,
 And their Misfortunes soon will find an end.
 But I condemn'd to Life, without Relief,
 Must drag my tedious Days in hopeless Grief.
 While thus I did with deep Regret complain,
 A moving Forest cover'd all the Main,
 The swelling Sails took all the Winds cou'd blow,
 And with the Burden ~~of~~ Ocean groan'd below ;
 A Noise confus'd was heard from ev'ry side,
 While Keels and Oars the furrow'd Waves divide.
Egyptians crowding, some for Arms prepare,
 As in dismay, and dread th' approaching War ;

Others with Shouts of Joy the Sailors meet,
And amicably join the landing Fleet,
A Part of which *Phenician* Colours bore,
The rest descended from the *Cyprian* Shore,
With *Egypt* all combin'd, her Freedom to restore.

Revolting *Egypt* the Decision tries,
In Blood embru'd, her Tyrant she defies.

Part, by his Death, their Slav'ry fain wou'd end,
Part, tho' a Tyrant, wou'd their Prince defend.

By those the foreign Troops to Fight were led,
And these advanc'd with *Boccore* at their Head.

With Indignation fir'd, he led the way,
And urg'd his Men to snatch the doubtful day;
I saw him with his Arm uplifted high,
Resolv'd to save his I'hrone, or as a Monarch die,
Saw him to many give their fatal Wound,
Till Slaughter'd Heaps his Chariot compass'd round,
And stop'd his raging Hand, and hid the Bloody
Ground.

Fieree was the Royal Youth, of haughty Mein,
And in his Look Despair and Rage was seen.
Successively the Passion take their Turns,
One paints him pale, and one with Fury burns.
Till Courage wholly does his Heart possess,
And makes him, void of Care, to needless Dangers
press.

So the Young Courser, who has ne'er been try'd,
Starts for a while, and looks on ev'ry side,
But warm'd, and fretted, runs with all his Force,
Nor Hills nor Mounds can stop his fiery Course,
The giddy Rider curbs him, but in vain,
He foams, and champs the Bit, and smoaks along
the Plain.

Such was the youthful Prince, of Valiant Mind,
But what is that, if not with Prudence join'd.
He knew not how to give his Orders Right,
To Manage his Advantages in Fight ;
To hide a Blot, repair an Errour made,
Nor was the last Event with Conduct weigh'd
Yet cou'd no Blame be charg'd on Nature's side,
As if his Genius did not Thought provide.
His Soul, with quick and lively Sense imbû'd,
By Disappointment was not yet subdu'd ;
This made him void of Patience, and elate,
And vast Ideas of himself create ;
Which more by flatt'ring Hypocrites was taught,
Whose pois'nous Arts had blown the tumid Thought ;
His Reign thus far had with Success been crown'd,
And to his Pow'r no Laws prescrib'd a Bound.
Hence he presum'd the World must own his Sway,
And his Commands without Dispute obey.

This

This did his Soul with Pride and Passion fill,
Consulting not his Reason but his Will.
Thus he, while vainly fond to be ador'd,
Prais'd by the Worst, was by the Best abhor'd.
His Valour long sustain'd him in the Field,
At last unequal Numbers made him yield.
I saw him fall by a *Phenician* Dart,
Which ent'ring at his Breast, transfix'd his Heart.
His Dying Eyes confess the piercing Blow,
And his unwilling Hands the Reins foregoe;
Down to the Chariot Wheels his Body bow'd,
And falling there, was trampled by the Croud.
A *Cyprian* spurn'd the wretched Monarch dead,
And sever'd from the Trunk the Bleeding Head;
The ghastly Ball was held in open view,
And Shouts of Triumph did his Fall pursue.
Methinks I now behold the dismal Place,
The clotted Hair, and the disfigur'd Face;
The Lip still quiver'd, as the Jaw-Bone hung,
And left its Words unfinish'd on the Tongue;
Still in his Look an angry Menace reign'd,
And, spite of Death it self, the King remain'd.

By this Example warn'd, O may I shun,
The Paths in which ambitious Princes run!
Sceptres are marks of Ruine in that Hand,
Which, guiding others, can't it self command.

Secure Possession him alone attends,
 Who aims at Publick Good, and not at Private Ends;
 And he unworthily a Crown enjoys,
 Whose Sword the Lives, it shou'd protect, destroys.
 As Princes are ally'd to Gods in Birth,
 So they shou'd be as Tut'lar Gods on Earth;
 When they with Joy diffuse their Blessings round,
 The good Event does to themselves redound ;
 But when Tyrannick Pride subverts the State,
 And does a Scene of Woes and Death create, (Fate.)
 The Tyrant too must fall, and share the Bloody }

These prudent Thoughts, so modestly express'd,
 With Love and Wonder fill'd *Calypso's* Breast ;
 To see the Youth ingenuously proclaim,
 The Faults wherein himself had been to blame ?
 So well instructed by his Falls to rise,
 And from Imprudence learning to be wise.
 Proceed, she said, Illustrious Youth, proceed,
 Inform me how you was from *Egypt* freed.
 How, when in Bonds you was so long detain'd,
 Your much lov'd *Mentor* was, at last regain'd.
 The Youth, resuming his Discourse, reply'd,
Egypt's intestine Jarrs with *Boccore* dy'd ;
 And they who ventur'd to support his Cause,
 Submitted to the Conqu'ring Party's Laws ;
 Who seeing their unhappy Prince was kill'd,
 By a new Choice the vacant Empire fill'd.

The foreign Troops which, late, had been their Aid,
Departing now, a firm Alliance made ;
All the *Phenician* Pris'ners were releas'd,
And I, as one, embark'd among the rest.
My Hopes reviv'd, and on our Shouting Crew
Deep azure look'd the Sky, the Winds propitious blew.

We left the Port, and saw the Cliffs retreat,
And Convex Heav'n around with Ocean meet ;
We lost the ruddy Mountain Tops, which shone
With the new Glories of the rising Sun,
Who rose from *Tethys* Bosome gay and bright,
And scatter'd from his Locks the dazzling Gems of Light.
From hence an Omen of Success we drew ;
And the kind Voyage prov'd its Omen true.
I low'd my Freedom to this happy Lot,
Tho' they, by whom I gain'd it, knew me not.
Our Ship's Commander (*Narbal* was his Name)
Enquir'd, at last, the City whence I came ?

Sir, I reply'd, I'm not *Phenician* born,
But *Grecian* Kindred do my Birth adorn ;
As a *Phenician* I was Captive made,
And am, as such, with Liberty repaid ;
Under that Name (for so my Fates decreed)
I much have suffer'd, by that Name am freed.
But, know, the Vital Blood which warms my Heart,
Is of *Ulysses* an unhappy Part ;

And in that Name shall glory, while it flows ;
 Blessing the Fountain whence it first arose.
 That Name shall flourish with the Grecian Kings,
 As long as Fame the Trojan Story sings.
 Where ever he goes, whom Heav'n, implor'd in vain,
 Does from his Country and from me detain ;
 From me, who much in Search of him have bore,
 For his dear Sake prepar'd to suffer more ;
 Content, if, after all the Pains it cost,
 I him may find, who has so long been lost.

Narbal, who read my Face with curious Eye,
 Something uncommon thought he did descry ;
 Some Marks of Heav'n's peculiar Care and Love,
 As of one favour'd by the Gods above ;
 His noble Mind my rigid Fate condol'd,
 When I the Tale of my Misfortunes told ;
 As for my Welfare touch'd with kind Desire,
 And thus he spake what Friendship did inspire ;

If ever Man might in a Face believe,
 Where Grief with Virtue joins, it can't deceive ;
 And in that Face, Unhappy Youth, I see
 Something which prompts my Love to succour thee.
 Only be Secret, and with due Regard
 Hear my Advice, I ask no more Reward.

Sir, I reply'd whate'er you please to say,
 This honest grateful Breast shall ne'er betray.

I'm young, it's true, and may unskill'd appear,
But yet can be reserv'd in what I hear ;
Nor shall a babbling Tongue my Heart disclose,
But I'll keep safe what Trust you there depose.

Says *Narbal*, Secrecy but rare appears,
With so much Prudence, in our younger Years ;
But, from your tender Age, the Talent's known
To you, I find ; and to Perfection grown.
But say, thou worthy Youth, the Means impart,
Which first inform'd thee in this useful Art ;
This Art which the secure Foundation lays,
Of Humane Conduct, and of future Praise.

I answer'd, When the famous Siege of *Troy*
Did ev'ry *Grecian* Hand and Heart employ,
Ulysses, then prepar'd for Wars Alarms,
Took me, a tender Infant in his Arms ;
He fix'd, I'm told, his Kisses on my Face,
And gave me, with these Words, his last Embrace ;
Dear Innocence, thy Father's Joy, Farewel,
When I again shall see thee, who can tell ?
Heav'n guard this Object of my Hope, and Fear,
And the young Branch in spotless Honour bear,
May no false Guide corrupt him, or intice
His little unexperienc'd Soul, to Vice ;
O rather let me lose my Soul's Delight,
By Foes in Pieces dash'd, before my Sight.

Ye fatal Sisters, cut his slender Twine,
 Rather than let him live, and not be mine.
 Calmly I'll see him fall beneath the Blow,
 As budding Flow'rs before the Reaper bow ;
 Nor shall a Tear bedew his Mother's Eyes,
 'Tis worse to see him live, when Virtue dies.
 To you, my Friends, the weighty Charge I leave,
 And as you love me, don't my Faith deceive;
 To you I with my darling Treasure part,
 Mine and his Mother's All, our Life and Heart;
 Teach him his early Passion to subdue,
 Bend the young Plant, and make it grow to you.
 Bid him the fawning Oily Talker fear,
 Be just, and kind, and secret, and sincere ;
 Falsehood with Humane Nature does not suit,
 The faithful Dog is nobler, tho' a Brute.
 Learn him to keep a Secret in his Breast,
 And let a Trust lock'd up in Safety rest ;
 Who wou'd be wise when Old, must learn, when Young,
 To guide the petty Larum of the Tongue.
 That Man to govern others strives in vain,
 Who knows not how to speak, and so refrain.
 This Wisdom, oft inculcated, and taught,
 Obtain'd it's due Impression on my Thought.
 Nor did my Guardians fear to let me know
 The Secret Causes of my Mother's Woe ;

Whom all the Lovers found averse of Mind,
And wou'd to second Nuptials have inclin'd.
The grand Affair was all disclos'd to me,
And Means concert'd how to let her free.
The Confidence repos'd with Joy I took,
Guarding each Word, and each suspicious Look.
The close Pretenders hop'd that I, a Child,
To tell whate'er I knew might be beguil'd;
Their Arts to catch me in Discourse were laid,
Yet I did all their subtle Wiles evade;
Without a Breach of Truth my Sense declar'd,
And knew when further Answer should be spar'd.
Narbal, with this Account entirely won,
No longer paus'd, but freely thus begun;

Son of *Ulysses*, the *Phenician State*
In Pow'r, thou seest, is formidably Great;
Her Vessels ride triumphant on the Main,
And *Neptune* yields to her his Wat'ry Reign.
Her spreading Sails *Iberia's* Shore command,
The furthest Limits of our Western Land;
To which *Alcides* first a Passage found,
And rais'd his Columns on remotest Ground.
Our Fleets from hence, like floating Cities, come,
Laden with Riches and with Honour, home.
The great *Sesostris*, tho' he rais'd our Fear
By Land, cou'd never boast a Conquest here.

A while, it's true, by Homage we confess'd,
 Those dreadful Arms which shook the conquer'd East;
 But did not tamely stoop beneath his Yoke,
 Long we resisted, soon the Bondage broke.
 His Death our War with *Egypt* did conclude,
 And had he liv'd we might have been subdu'd.
 We fear'd his Wisdom, but that Fear was gone,
 When once the Pow'r was in his hot-brain'd Son;
 By whose ill Conduct *Egypt* was so far,
 From having Strength to prosecute the War,
 That e'en she beg'd of us our Aid to bring,
 And join'd her Foes 'gainst an impious King;
 To us she owes her Liberty restor'd,
 From an Inhumane, Proud, Tyrannick Lord.
 The Profit hers, the Glory is our own,
 To save a Prostrate Foe, and prop a sinking Throne.
 But Oh ! that Hand which has so many sav'd,
 Can you believe me, feels it self enslav'd.
Pygmalion is our King ; Dear Youth beware,
 And shun his savage Hands with strictest care ;
 Those Hands distain'd with Blood, with Brother's
 Blood,
Sicheus wallows in the Crimson Flood.
 Unhappy *Dido* mourns her Husband dead,
 And full of Horrour and Revenge is fled ;
 Nor Seas nor Rocky Coasts cou'd stop her way,
Pygmalion's Sword more dreadful is than they. She's

She's gone,—and they who Fame or Freedom lov'd,
From Tyre to Africk's Coast, with her remov'd,
Where Carthage crown'd with Golden Turrets stands,
The glorious Fabrick of a Woman's Hands.
But Gold, which should support the *Tyrian* State,
Makes it more wretched, as it makes it Great.
The curs'd *Pygmalion* all its Peace destroys,
While he possesses Wealth, but not enjoys.
Insatiate he devours the shining Store,
Which still enflames the raging Thirst of more;
The sordid Crime creates its Punishment;
Oh, that the dire Effects no further went!
That he alone were tortur'd with the Woe!
As he's the Source from whence our Mischiefs flow.
But he, as ruling Avarice persuades,
Jealous and Cruel, others Rights invades.
The Merchant fruitlessly on *Neptune* calls,
To guard his Treasures to the *Tyrian* Walls,
Hither convey'd, from Dangers of the Deep,
In vain he brings the Prize he cannot keep;
The Tyrant's Rapine soon will find his Door,
And none are safe from Plunder but the Poor:
Of them the Tyrant is himself afraid;
He startr and trembles at his very Shade.
Fearful of Loss, disconsolate he lies,
From those who are his Friends suspicious flies,
And they shun him, as Slumber shuns his Eyes. None

None are less happy than *Pygmalion's Friends* ;
Let him suspect them false, and Death attends ;
And void of anxious Doubt he cannot be,
A Miser never from Distrust is free.

Tho' brawny Yeomen, arm'd, his Palace guard,
And ev'ry Door with massy Bolts is barr'd,
Yet cannot Rest the least Indulgence have,
In this large Prison of the Royal Slave.

He dreams of Thefts and Murders ev'ry Night,
And changes his Apartment in the Fright ;
From humane View, if possible, wou'd hide,
And rolls his hollow Eyes on ev'ry side.

His meagre Cheeks turn pale with ev'ry Noise,
And sighing Care each joyless Hour employs.

Distracting Thoughts and Wailings waste the Day,
And fret, by slow Degrees, his pining Soul away.

Children, the Comforts of Declining Years,
Serve only to increase *Pygmalion's* Fears ;

Them he dreads most ; nor thinks his Life secure ;
Nor can his sick'ning Taste it's nauseous Food endure.

The Blood of Humankind is his Delight,
A grateful Banquet to the Tyrant's Sight.

Unhappy, Cruel Wretch ! who cannot see
That others Ruine must his Ruine be :

And while his bloody Hand no Subject spares,
It only Slaughter for it self prepares.

His own Domesticks may perform the Deed,
Dreading his Snares, and wishing to be freed ;
His very Guards the Tragick Scene may end,
And rid the World of the rapacious Fiend.
This I foretel, but Heav'n forbid that I
Shou'd to the Murder of my King comply.
May I detest the Royal Blood to spill ;
Princes may err, but they are Princes still.
You I advise, brave Youth, his Sight to shun,
Nor let him know that you're *Ulysses* Son,
For, this once known, in Prison you'd be laid,
Till a vast Ransome for your Freedom's paid ;
And large must be the Gift which can suffice
To glut the Lust of fierce *Pygmalion's* Eyes.

Now to the *Tyrian* Shore we nearer drew,
And, there arriv'd, I found the Story true ;
Too soon instructed by *Pygmalion's* Reign,
That *Narbal* had not counsel'd me in vain.
I wonder'd how the Tyrant cou'd invent
Such Means himself and others to torment.
A Man most exquisitely skill'd in Woe,
As if he study'd Arts to make him so.
But sure, said I, he never this design'd,
He sought a happy State, but cou'd not find ;
In boundless Wealth, and Pow'r, it seem'd to lay,
Thus in the Maze of Thought he went astray ;
Lost, and benighted, and mistook his Way. L 2 For

80. *The Adventures of Telemachus.*

For Pow'r to do whate'er the Will may chuse,
Is Ruine, if the Will that Pow'r abuse ;
O ! had a Rural Life like, mine, employ'd
Pygmalion's Days, he then had Peace enjoy'd.
No Guilt had then, his Soul with Horrores mov'd,
But loving others, he had been belov'd.
No Dread of Swords or Poyson, there, had been ;
But undisturb'd Repose, and all his Hours serene.
What, tho' he had not Mines of Gold possess'd ;
A little, well enjoy'd, had made him Bless'd.
His Heaps of Treasure, num'rous as the Sand,
Are but a Burden to their Master's Hand ;
Useless, they only feed his longing Eyes,
Whose Heart Relief to Nature's Wants denies.
With rigid Hand he o'er his People reigns,
But can't discern himself to be in Chains.
Lord of the *Tyrians*, Slave of mean Desires,
He acts whate'er his Fordid Lust requires.
Others, compell'd, submit to his Decrees,
While his own Passions ride him as they please.
Thus did revolving Thoughts an Image draw
Of that *Pygmalion* whom I never saw ; (Night,
Whose Tow'r, with Guards surrounded, Day and
The Pris'ner Monarch shrouds from humante Sight.
This wretched King, secluded, and confin'd,
Reviv'd the Good *Seoforis* in my Mind ;

A Prince who did, with Aspect bland, delight,
And cheer, and bles the fond Beholder's Sight.
Free of Access, the Stranger's Suit to hear,
He nothing fear'd ; nor had he cause to fear.
The Doom of sudden and untimely Fate
Attends *Pygmalion*, with his People's Hate.
Sesostris might in Couds unguarded stand,
Nor dread the stroke of a conspiring Hand :
He was his People's Father and their Friend,
His Love did them protect, their Duty him defend.
But jealous Fury burn'd *Pygmalion's* Breast,
Destroying his, as he the *Tyrians* Rest.
The *Cyprian* Forces had not long been come,
Before he Orders gave to send them Home ;
Forgotten all they had at *Egypt* done,
And that the Conquest by their Aid was won.
Anxious, he watch'd their Stay with prying Eyes,
And durst not trust his true and brave Allies.
As easy Princes, thoughtless, and supine,
Without Reserve to crafty Wiles resign ;
So err'd *Pygmalion* in a worse Extreme,
The Good, and Bad, alike, to disesteem.
He never learn'd the faithful Man to prize,
Distinguish'd from the Villain in Disguise.
Nor was it strange he shou'd be shun'd by these,
Who ne'er were favour'd, nor cou'd ever please.

The Tyrant, too had found so much Decit,
 From them who knew in Vertue's Mask to cheat,
 That now he thought Mankind was all the same,
 And Vertue nothing but an empty Name.
 Mistaken Prince! — But I'm recall'd by you, I
 From devious Paths, my Story to pursue.

The Cyprian Vessels, ready for their Freight,
 Did now, in Harbour for the Voyage wait,
 And *Narbal*, who had well the Danger weigh'd,
 If near the *Tyrian* Court I longer staid,
 Wisely foreseeing, if my Name were known,
 His Life and mine must for the Crime atone,
 Thought, when the Cyprian Forces put to Sea,
 The fairest means were found to set me free.
 Impatient, I the proffer'd Time embrac'd,
 And in the Muster, for a Cyprian pass'd.
 But fickle Chance, who makes the World her Sport,
 By adverse Winds detain'd us in the Port ;
 And as it shews the part of humane Skill,
 When Men improve to good what happens ill.
 So I, while with the *Tyrians* I remain'd,
 A farther Knowledge of their Manners gain'd.

Tyre is a Scene of Profit, and Delight,
 And well rewards the wond'ring Stranger's Sight,
 For naval Stores the Queen of Cities crown'd,
 And for her Traffick thro' the World renown'd,

Neptune uncirls his angry Front, and smiles,
Embracing this, the fairest of his Isles,
The lesser Towns which fill the neighb'ring Coast,
Contiguous joyn'd, in Fruits delicious boast.
While she upon her Foils looks down, in State,
And sees them all around, as her Attendants, wait.
The Coast is temper'd with a gentle Breeze,
That blows refreshing, from the Northern Seas.
And lofty Mountains guard, with kindly shade,
From Scorching Heats which wou'd the South invade.
There *Libanus*, the Giant o'er the rest,
With Snowy Torrent heaves his hardy Breast.
Aloft in Clouds his ample Shoulders bears,
Projects his airy Head, and juts to meet the Stars.
High in vast Forests spreading Cedars grow,
And verdant Pastures grace the Fields below ;
Which leaning to the Mountains Side are bent,
And form, by easy Steps, a flow Descent.
Here am'rous Bulls their wanton Consorts chuse,
And Lambs run frisking to their bleating Ewes ;
A thousand Water-Gods their Currents turn,
In winding Branches from the Chrystral Urn,
Down to the Basis of the Mount they glide,
Which shews a Garden deck'd in all it's Pride ;
Here Spring and Autumn are in one combin'd,
And fragrant Flow'rs with ripen'd Fruits are joyn'd.

Nor parching Suns, nor killing Frosts, they mourn;
 But never-fading Beauty does the Globe adorn.
 Near this sweet Prospect, on an Island by,
 The *Tyrian* City draws the gazing Eye;
 She seems to float upon the Waves, and be,
 Another *Venus* rising from the Sea.
 Hither, from farther Climes, the Merchants come,
 This is their common Universal Home.
 The Centre of their Commerce: Here they land,
 Unload their Freight, and crowd the Mother-strand,
 Who in her wide capacious Arms receives,
 Whatever Treasures Earth, or Ocean, gives.
 Vast Groves of lofty Pines in Harbour ride,
 So thick, that they the wat'ry Surface hide.
 The floating Castles fill the briny way,
 Nor give the curling Billows room to play.
 Hither the thronging Citizens repair,
 Nor can the Wealth posses'd divert their Care,
 A busy hand the Treasure must increase,
 For Industry supports; and Toil must never cease.
 'Tis this which *Egypt*'s finest Linen brings,
 And *Tyrian* Purple for the Throne of Kings;
 Purple, whose Lustre, of a double Dye,
 Will ever last, and Time it self defy.
 In Cloathesbroider'd, lively to behold,
 With sparkling Silver, and the burnish'd Gold.

With this the *Tyrians* Commerce far maintain,
To Western Gades, and th' *Atlantick Main*;
And far in Eastern Climes their Sails have bore,
From the Red Sea, to Isles unknown before;
Where splices spread Ambrosial Odours round,
And costly Pearls, and Mines of Gold abound,
And living Creatures, wond'rous to the Sight,
Shew in what various Works rich Nature does delight,
As Bees that haunt, laborious, distant Bow'rs,
To sip transparent Streams, and dewy Flow'rs,
With liquid Sweets extracted Homeward fly,
Their Cells with fragrant Burdens to supply.
So *Tyre* receives, for Ornament or Use,
Whatever Treasures foreign Lands produce.
No saunt'ring Drones infest the frugal Place,
But busy Thought is read in ev'ry Face ;
And Hands, and Head, employ'd in equal Pains,
Those fill the Store-House, this computes the Gains.
Nor may we pass untold the Female Art,
For Beauty here with Bus'ness bears a Part,
And the bright Nymphs can publick Good improve,
As well as charm in softer Hours of Love.
The Distaff, and the Needle-work, she tries,
And scorns to conquer only with her Eyes.
When e'er her Wit refines some lively Thought,
Of blooming Youth in *Cupid's* Ambush caught.

Her curious Needle paints the dying Swain,
 And is the Dart that kills him o'er again ;
 She needs no Poet's hand, or Painter, there,
 But draws her self the Triumphs of the Fair.

This splendid Prospect of the *Tyrian* State.
 Rais'd my Enquiry whence it grew so great :
 Whence it the Nations round so far outshone,
 And made the Wealth of other Lands, its own ?

You see, said *Narbal*, how our City lies,
 In *Neptune's* Arms, commodious for the Prize.
 And if we may believe what Fame of Old,
 Has, in obscure and dusky Annals, told,
 She ventur'd, first her feeble Bark to try,
 In wat'ry Realms, and *Jove's* inclement Sky ;
 From her the Pilate, first his Thought apply'd,
 To count the Stars for his Nocturnal Guide.
 Careful to know, when distant on the Main,
 Where cold *Bootes* drives his tardy Wain ;
 And where the Sister *Pleiads* shew their gawdy Train. }
 Thus did the Love of Arts and Trade invite,
 And People, far dis-joyn'd, in Social Bands unite.
 But that which most the *Tyrian* Strength maintains,
 And thro' the Seas extends her long Domains,
 Is her assiduous Care, and painful Life,
 Free from the Mischiefs of intestine Strife ;
 Nor has there been a Nation, on Record,
 Kinder to Strangers, truer to their Word. These

These things our City with Success have crown'd,
And in their Loss, her Ruine will be found.
If e'er domestick Jealousies arise,
And we, for Pleasures, useful Arts despise ;
If once we violate our plighted Trust,
And deviate from the Rules of Right and Just ;
If Liberty of Commerce we deny,
And Strangers from our faithless Harbours fly ;
You'll see our ebbing Happiness retire,
And mourn the Fall of what you now admire.
¶ This may to govern well, instruct your way,
If ever you your Father's Sceptre sway ;
Learn hence to treat the Strangers with Respect,
In Safety, and in Liberty, protect.
Despise the hungry Lust of sordid Gain,
Nor let Inferiours call you Proud and Vain.
Endeavour Love from Strangers to acquire,
Bear petty Wrongs, and curb your own Desire.
Whatever Laws you constitute for Trade,
Let them be plain and see them well obey'd.
The strict Restraint of wholesome Laws provide,
To punish Fraud, and Negligence, and Pride ;
Yet hold not, with too rigid hand, the Reins,
Nor intercept the Merchant's lawful Gains ;
His Pains encourage, by your kind Regard,
And in th' Event you'll find your own Reward.

For Commerce, chang'd by Violence and Force,
From it's own Channel to a devious Course,
Often like Springs obstructed in their way,
Creeps feebly on, and does, at last decay.
Profit allures the foreign Trader's Heart,
Harrass'd with Impots he will soon depart.
Who'd be involv'd in Dangers, Toil and Pains,
When the Return affords but little Gains ?
Uneasy made, he'll quickly leave your Sight,
To go where kinder Usage does invite.
For this we now the *Tyrian* State bemoan,
And dread the Ruine of *Pygmalion*'s Throne ;
Whose heavy Hand inflicts oppressing Loads,
And this illustrious City's Fall forebodes.
Her Traffick sickens with the dire Affright,
And shines already, with a fading Light.
Pygmalion grasps at all, does all devour,
Such is his Lust of Arbitrary Pow'r.
An open Port to Strangers he denies,
The Merchant's Profit is the Tyrant's Prize,
Thus all will, by Degrees, our Harbour shun,
Fatal as Rocks, as sure to be undone ;
And *Tyre*, who late her Honour far display'd,
To whom so many Nations Tribute paid,
Must sink, and be in long Oblivion laid.
Her Navy, by the wond'ring World confess'd,
Thro' the vast Main, the bravest, and the best, Which

Which uncontrol'd the *Tyrian* Flag has born,
With Shouts of Triumph shall no more return.
O! *Tyre*, these Glories shall no more be seen,
Yet we'll remember what Thou once hast been ;
When *Libanus* his Forests gave to thee,
And saw his Oaks transplanted on the Sea ;
When Architects a kind Reception found,
And Industry with due reward was crown'd ;
Then Astronomick Science did prevail,
And Studies of the Geometrick Scale ;
Sleepless the Scholar pass'd the buisy Night,
And watch'd the rolling Orbs till Morning Light ;
Our Boys cou'd, then, the Seaman's Part perform,
Manage the Tackle, and despise a Storm ;
Nor was the Sailor's Merit, then, forgot,
If want of Health, or Shipwreck were is Lot,
Sick, or Distress'd, he with Supplies was fed,
And double Care (by just Compassion led)
Protected his Remains, to honour him, when Dead.
Such kind Endearments are the wifest Arts
To move the Populace, and gain their Hearts,
For Publick Good they'll resolutely dare,
When in that Good they find an equal Share.
Their just Rewards this Useful Sense create,
They serve themselves, whene'er they serve the State.

And

And this from Humane Nature we may find,
 The strongest Ties and fickle Souls to bind,
 Are, when our Duty is with Int'rest join'd.

Thus *Narbal* spake.—Then led me to behold
 'The Dome which does *Bellona*'s Gifts enfold,
 Her Ars'nal clad in all the Fire of War,
 Here for the Field the Goddess does prepare ;
 And with her plumy Crest nods, terrible, from far.
 Nor stop'd I here, desirous to explore

Knowledge of Trade, I view'd the Naval Store ;
 Obsery'd the Building of the lofty Pine, (Brine ;
 And saw her launch'd, with Shouts, and plow the

While this Employment did my Thought engage,
Narbal reflected on *Pygmalion*'s Rage ;
 Tho' loth to lose me, yet he wish'd me gone,
 Fearing Delays might draw my Ruine on.
 But yet no favourable Winds wou'd blow,
 To fill the flagging Sails, and let me go.

One day as we were standing at the Port,
 An Officer approach'd us, from the Court ;
 And thus to *Narbal* did his Speech direct,
 The King a certain Stranger does suspect,
 Inform'd he passes by a Cyprian Name,
 And in the Fleet with you from *Egypt* came,
 If such there be, examine who he is,
 Or, if you fail, your Head must pay for his ;

It is the Royal Mandate which I bear;
Great is your Charge, and equal be your Care.

Narbal's Reply was with Confusion made,
Who said, The King's Command shall be obey'd ;
I now the Stranger am about to find,
And found, he to the King shall be resign'd.
The Messenger withdrawn, he said to me,
Dear Youth, our Danger we might well foresee ;
Some kind Direction from the Gods be shown,
Your Life must be expos'd, or else my own.
What shall we do ? — Oh — now I have a Thought
What you shall say when to the King you're brought,
Say, you of *Cyprus* are ; and I'll declare,
As solemnly, that I have known you there,
That I have often seen your Father's Face,
Acquainted with your Parentage and Race.
This way, I think, and this alone, will do,
To blind the King, and save my self and you.

Narbal, I answer'd, I my Ruine see,
And yield, with steady Soul, to Fate's Decree ;
But let not my Misfortunes fall on thee.
Give me quite up, for I'm prepar'd to die,
Rather than owe my Safety to a Lie ;
My Soul abhors it ; I my Life can quit,
And freely to the Gods the rest submit.

Narbal reply'd, I hate a black Intent,
Ours is a Falshood innocently meant.

In this Act can no Injustice see,
 Which makes the King from Guilt of Murder free ;
 And sure it's lawful, at so hard a Time,
 To save our Lives, and hinder such a Crime.
 I praise your Vertue ; but you are too Nice,
 And too much Vertue may be call'd a Vice.

Narbal, said I, not all your cunning Skill,
 Can hide the Falshood, which is Falshood still ;
 And Falshood is a Crime (tho' shewn in jest,)
 Which wisest Men, and wiser Gods detest ;
 The Gods with Scorn inspect a Crime so foul,
 And view the dark Recesses of the Soul.
 An honest Man their Presence will revere,
 And more the Loss of Truth than Life will fear.
 O *Narbal*, I thy Love and Pity see,
 But be as just to Heav'n, as kind to me.
 If this be for my latest Hour design'd,
 O let me leave a spotless Name behind.
 Too long already is my wretched Life,
 And is not worthy of this friendly Strife.
 My only Sorrow is, to think that you
 By Friendship are involv'd in Danger too.
 O let the Storm on me alone descend ;
 I'll bear it all, ye Gods, but save my dearer Friend.
 In undecided Contest, long we strove,
 By sacred Friendship urg'd, and mutual Love.

At last, a Messenger to *Narbal* sent
In haste, our farther Converse did prevent.
This sudden Message from *Astarbe* came ;
A Woman, in the Court, of mighty Fame ;
To whom her Sex with Envy did submit,
Excell'd in Charms of Beauty, and of Wit :
A thousand Gaieties and Flatt'ries hung
Upon the Softness of her Oily Tongue ;
This was the Courtizan's alluring Part,
Which hid the Malice of a cruel Heart.
Her Wit, her Beauty, and her Charming Voice,
Made her the fond *Pygmalion*'s only Choice ;
Who, by unlawful Passion, captive led,
Divorc'd the Royal Consort of his Bed :
Forsook the faithful, nuptial, kind Embrace,
For the false Smiles of a bewitching Face ;
For one who at her Soul his Love disdain'd,
Yet outwardly the highest Transports feign'd ;
Languishing Looks, and tend'rest Airs were shown,
As if she liv'd for him, and him alone.
But in the Court a *Lydian* Youth she found,
For Woman fram'd, and in those Pleasures drown'd,
In Dress and am'rous Songs he spent the Day,
And all his Busines was, to love and play ;
His Name was *Malachon*, for him she burn'd,
Who Coldness only for her Flames return'd.

He in another Object took Delight,
Nor wou'd *Pygmalion's* Jealousy excite.
This was a Torment to *Astarbe's* Pride,
And Rage the Place of slighted Love supply'd.
Her Wiles were now by Indignation mov'd,
To work his Ruine, whom before she lov'd ;
And strong Resentment found a speedy Way,
The Scornful Youth with Vengeance to re-pay.
She knew that Fame had spread a late Report,
Of an *Egyptian* Stranger in the Court ;
And that the King, perplex'd with Fear and Doubt,
To *Narbal* sent Command to find him out ;
And to secure him Prisoner to the State,
Till he the Royal Doom shou'd farther wait.
This known, she thought Revenge might be appeas'd,
If for this Person *Malachan* were seiz'd,
The Fancy pleas'd her, and she soon deceiv'd ;
Pygmalion, who whate'er she said believ'd.
And all the Court was kept by her in Fear,
Nor durst they undeceive the Royal Ear.
But in the Cheat combin'd to shun her Hate,
Who was the dreadful Mistress of their Fate.
Thus *Malachan* surpriz'd in Chains was laid,
And to a Crime, he knew not of, betray'd.
One Stratagem, alone, was wanting yet,
To finish all, and make the Trick compleat,

She fear'd that *Narbal* might the Stranger bring,
Which wou'd confront her Story to the King.
She therefore order'd he shou'd send away,
The Person sought, without the least Delay,
And to her Prudence let the rest alone,
To satisfie the King in what was done.

Narbal, o'erjoy'd, applauded the Design,
And bless'd the means to save his Life and mine.
And now the *Cyprian* Fleet prepar'd to sail,
And I with them embrac'd the lucky Gale ;
Praising the Care which Heav'n, at last will take,
Of them who suffer all for Virtue's sake.

With Horrour I my last Reflexion made,
On poor *Pygmalion*, by his Vices sway'd ;
To think that he at once a Slave shou'd be,
To Avarice, and wanton Luxury.
To see so great a Man, for Empire born,
By Villains so abus'd, and made a Woman's Scorn.
While I was thus revolving in my Breast,
Narbal in Terms like these his Love express'd.

See Dearest Youth, the Gods propitious are,
All Nature on the sudden looks more fair,
And for your Safety does, with Smiles, declare.
Fly, Fly, this hateful wretched City shun,
Nor in it stay to see another Sun.
How happy shou'd I be with you to go !
But my hard Fate will not that Bliss allow.

Here I am fix'd, to see my Country's Doom,
And in her Ruines I may find a Tomb.
But may a better Fortune light on you ;
And I, tho' wretched, still be just and true.
May Heav'n your Life with all its Bounty bless,
Crown you with Virtue, Virtue with Success.
May you with Joy to *Illiaca* return,
And then *Penelope* shall cease to mourn.
May you the wise *Ulysses* live to see,
And he rejoice to find a Son like Thee :
A Son who such a genuine Stamp does bear,
And all the Virtues of his Father share.
And when you all these Joys united find,
Then think, O think, on *Narbal* left behind.
He begs you, by this last, kind, dear Embrace,
In your Remembrance let him find a place.
May you still love that poor unhappy Man,
As when his faithful Friendship first began.
That pleasing Thought his gloomy Soul will cheer,
In all the Troubles which he'll suffer here.

These tender Words such deep impression made,
They cou'd in Sighs and Tears be only paid.
My Soul in Silence gave her sad Farewell,
Opprest with Grief too great for Words to tell.
Our Eyes pour'd out an amicable Flood,
As, dumb with Sorrow, on the Shore we stood.
There *Narbal* for his Friend's Departure staid,
And, at the Signal, saw our Anchors weigh'd.
His Eyes did, to the last, our Sails pursue,
Till Sea and Clouds were met, and shut him from my view.

The END of the First Book.

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